SPECIAL: The Growing Liberal Attack on Congress

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FEBRUARY 11, 1964

NATIONAL REVIEW

A Journal of Fact and Opinion

IF IT'S GOLDWATER VS JOHNSON WHO WILL WIN?

RALPH DE TOLEDANO

Will We Lose the Canal?

EDWIN McDOWELL

Also In This Issue:

JAMES BURNHAM ON THE CRISIS IN THE UN ◆ HUGH KENNER IN A TRIBUTE TO T. S. ELIOT ◆ KUEHNELT-LEDDIHN ON THE SATELLITE BLUES ◆ & WILLIAM F. BUCKLEY ON THE HYSTERIA ABOUT WORDS

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NATIONAL REVIEW

A JOURNAL OF FACT AND OPINION

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In This Issue . . .

➔ **Ralph de Toledano,** than whom scarcely a man alive knows more about the ways of the nation's politics, cuts through the ballyhoo to take a cold look at campaign facts and figures. His problem: to estimate the difference, for the Republican Party in general and Barry Goldwater specifically, it makes to have Lyndon Johnson instead of John F. Kennedy as opponent. His method of solution: to examine the electoral statistics, region by region, the probable lineup of the special groups, and the popular appeal of the K-J record in office. His conclusions: you will read them in the article starting on page 101—an analysis drawn from the new edition of his book, *The Winning Side,* just issued by Putnam. . . . The attack on Congress, mounted with increasing fury these thirty years by the Liberal ideologues and their political allies of the executive branch, suffers a raking counterattack from *NR* editor **Frank Meyer,** who has the effrontery of beginning with a quotation from the Constitution. . . . Still maneuvering within continental and constitutional boundaries, **Edwin McDowell,** editorial writer of the *Phoenix* (Ariz.) *Republic,* known to *NR* readers for his higher criticism of Morrie Ryskind as columnist, asks, Will We Lose the Canal? and answers by reference to large mounds of facts present and past about Panama, the Zone and the ditch.

➔ Sex, which practically blankets the newsstands these days, is given its comeuppance, or comedownance, by the intrepid **Russell Kirk,** who, while agreeing that "the dean isn't Daddy," suggests that college students should at least be able to "distinguish between a home and a house of ill repute.". . . The satellites, Communist that is, and their contrasts with Mother Russia, are the topic of a column by **Erik von Kuehnelt-Leddihn,** in which he combines in his usual illuminating manner fresh and firsthand observations with his vast erudition. . . . **James Burnham** wonders whether the international flareups of January 1964 might provoke a certain number of Americans, even in Washington, into reviewing our relationship with the UN.

➔ The review section starts with an essay exhibiting with rare felicity the perfect adaptation of subject to author: author being Prof. **Hugh Kenner;** subject, the poems, newly collected for his 75th birthday, of T. S. Eliot, the "talisman's magical powers" of which Mr. Kenner has so wonderfully felt and, insofar as magic can be, explicated. . . . Prof. **Arvid Schulenberger** of Kansas State, who last year jousted hip and thigh with the Jamesians, considers two recent books dealing with "the Modern Novel," a category "distinct from current or popular fiction." . . . And Prof. **A. H. Hobbs,** of the University of Pennsylvania's sociology staff, reviews one of the two new books by Ernest van den Haag, said to be the country's only accredited sociologist who is at the same time a practicing psychoanalyst. . . . A remarkable book on a city whose late and grim notoriety was linked to an infinity of misinformation—*The Decision-Makers: The Power Structure of Dallas*—is recommended by a free-lance writer, Mrs. **Lee Cullum Clark,** who is presently a resident. . . . **Mark Ueland,** a young architect (Harvard, U. of Pennsylvania, Spain), buries the international style. ➔

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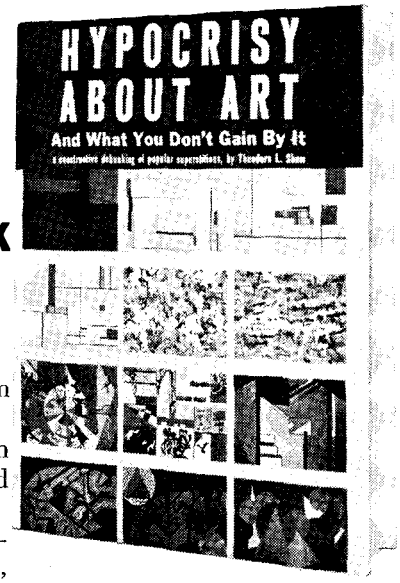

If You Haven't Read This Exciting New Book

You're in a Rut

Because it's the only book we know of, anywhere, which discusses art from the strictly tough-minded point of view.

And because it's your only escape-route, therefore, (if you want one) from the naive and prettified picture of art which the world has regrettably inherited from ancient days.

Even the most sophisticated man will be shaken out of some of his favorite dogmas—and to his benefit, we believe—by the book's relentless search for facts. Where else, for example, would he encounter a candid statement such as that expressed in the famous "stork cartoon" (apologies to Van Gogh) shown below? In our opinion, the answer is NOWHERE. Traditionalists would fiercely reject it as *Blasphemy*. For it plainly deprives them of two of their most "sacred" rights—the right to call certain art works *immortal* and the right to deliver *positive and enduring verdicts of betterness,* on which their entire authority hangs.

And yet the statement is obviously truthful.

After all, how can you appraise art works as permanently "great" or "beautiful" when a dozen men could conceivably be born into your own home-town, say, with the capacity to turn them out in carload quantities.

No, before you can judge an art work's "greatness" you must make an estimate of the human probabilities of its being created both now and for the future—the doing of which is manifestly a ticklish job.

And it is exactly because of this inevitable uncertainty that a completely new approach to art has become necessary—and is being widely adopted. CONJECTURISM.

It's the cautious, reasoned method, rather than the slap-dash, mystic method. It brings art up-to-date much as Evolution brought Biology up-to-date—namely by abandoning the rigid certitude and turning towards the experienced but tentative Conjecture. In the moment that man attempts the eternal verdict in art, he defeats his own purpose as certainly as would the meteorologist who ventured beyond the immediate probabilities in his forecasting of the weather. It just can't be done without stepping openly into Clairvoyance and Mumbo-Jumbo.

The book, HYPOCRISY ABOUT ART, by Theodore L. Shaw, does much more, however, than expound the principles of Conjecturism. With its 153 pages, its over 160 illustrations, many of them in full color, it demonstrates the practical application of it to specific works of art, and shows how the accuracy of man's conjectures can gradually be improved. Whether your purpose is to *create* art or to *understand* and *enjoy* it you will find the book highly interesting and profoundly revealing.

But a mere verbal description is inadequate. The book is its own best advocate. And it is for this reason we suggest that you give us permission to mail it to you on ten-days free trial, without obligation. Along with it will go the famous pamphlet (usual price 50¢) THE GAG ABOUT ART BEING IMMORTAL. It's yours as a gift, whether you decide to keep the large book or not. Or, if you prefer, you can remit 50¢ (check, stamps or coins) for the pamphlet alone. The 50¢ will count as a credit towards HYPOCRISY ABOUT ART, if later, after sending for it on ten-days trial, you decide to keep it. Merely indicate your wishes on the coupon, or send a postcard or letter.

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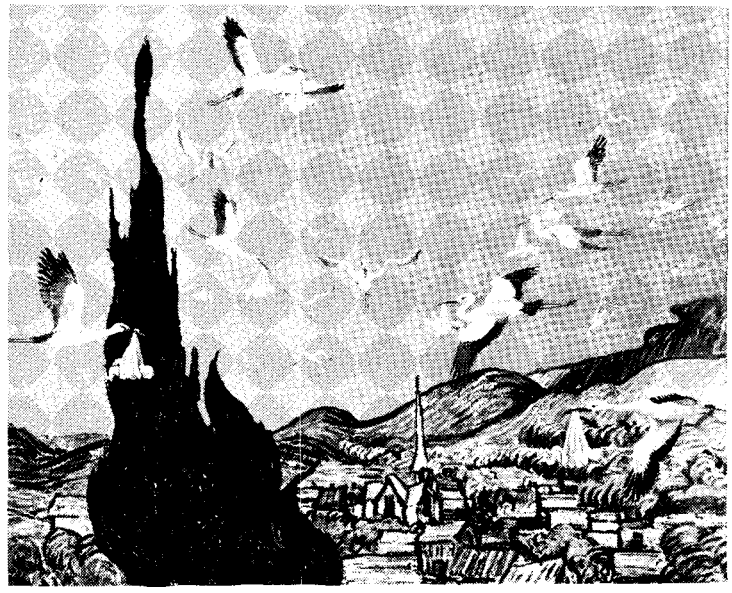

THE FAMOUS STORK CARTOON

It's the accident of what men possessing what talents arrive on earth, in what quantities and at what times, that usually decides which art works are considered "great", and not the qualities in the art works themselves. A sudden surge of "Type A" men, all possessing a special skill in creating (or in understanding) Type A art, will soon reduce that type of art to mediocrity no matter how superior it had previously been considered.

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The WEEK

● Solution to last week's puzzle: 1) take the Panama Canal and rename it Kennedy Canal; 2) send Henry Cabot Lodge to Panama with instructions to assassinate the government; 3) give Panama to Mme. Nhu as a consolation prize; 4) accuse all critics of endangering the peace.

● Everyone was in Atlanta last week. SNCC, the Ku Klux Klan, Dick Gregory, Ralph McGill, the UN. The UN group, a subcommission on Prevention of Discrimination and Protection of Minorities, was invited to see how Atlanta conducts itself in these matters. If citizens of Atlanta want to impress, or involve, the UN with their racial progress, that, we suppose, is their business, up to a point at any rate. But it was not business as usual last weekend. The Ku Klux Klan was out walking the streets. SNCC members lay down in them. Dick Gregory got himself jailed several times. Ralph McGill, the Voice of Moderation, strove to be heard above the din. On departing, the UN mission—among its members an Egyptian, an Indian and a Russian—announced themselves "favorably impressed," despite all the grandstanding. Atlanta mopped its brow, but ours begins to sweat, thinking about Katanga.

● A CHASTELY ATTITUDE. "Sentimentally, I'm in favor of socialism," says Brigitte Bardot, but she doesn't vote. "Voting is a serious matter. It's important. Until I am more enlightened I prefer to refrain from voting."

● Coming out of their usual post-coup daze, the spokesmen of the State Department are busily explaining to us that the new revolutionary government in Africa's east coast Cuba, labeled Zanzibar on the map, is not really so terrible after all, not actually Communist but just one of those excitable left-wing affairs that are always cropping up. The Department's men in the field know better, and have so reported. Special indoctrination and training in Russia, China and Cuba along with home front Communist schooling, is part of the background of the principal figures in the government. Several of them are far from primitive savages, in spite of the utter savagery of their operations. (One, for example, is an editor of a theoretical revolutionary journal published in Paris.) The truth is that the Communist enterprise now has its foothold on an island fortress off East Africa, linking back to the bases it is expanding in Somalia and Yemen, and forward toward eastern Congo and Angola. We, whose ships can control the seven seas, make the same response as to the first Cuba: none.

● No *Times* is No News: The demise of the *New York Times'* West Coast edition is another sad reflection on the state of American newspapering. When the *Times* began publishing out of Los Angeles sixteen months ago, conservatives could be heard to grumble about the penetration of the western provinces by this mightiest of Establishment journals. But the brutal fact is that there are not that many good newspapers in the United States. The *Times*, in its fashion, gives the news—more of it than any other paper in the world; and its Liberal bias is not any more pronounced than that, say, of the *San Francisco Chronicle*. And more's the pity—Arthur Krock, for thousands of readers, has now become a luxury.

● Don't rack your brain, just blurt out one guess: who is the least likely American to write an unbiased book on Cuba? Right. OK, dig—from the current Macmillan catalogue: "Hard-hitting, comprehensive, and, above all, unbiased—this is the only up-to-date book on Cuba for young readers. Herbert Matthews, *New York Times* writer and longtime Latin American correspondent, traces with clarity and simplicity the background of this turbulent Carribean [sic] island from the Spanish conquest to Castro's revolution. The current economic and social changes are discussed objectively by a man who has been following Fidel Castro's career closely since its very beginning." If you've wondered what Mr. Matthews has been doing since the *Times* hot-potatoed him after his stint as self-appointed press agent for Castro, now you know.

● Tass has announced that the efforts of Britain, Greece and Turkey to maintain order in Cyprus constitute "foreign intervention" in the internal affairs of that island and are a "threat to peace in the Mediterranean area."

● It was a quiet week. Nothing but a *revolucionita* in Panama. The Zanzibar revolution turned out to have Cuban elements, and we know how to handle Cuba, don't we? The assassinations and mutinies in Tanganyika and Uganda hardly accounted for more than a fraction of the voting population. Sukarno promised to limit his war to the three or four hundred million people most intimately involved in it. A mere handful of Americans were assaulted in the Congo. And some Belgians. We won't mention 8,000 Watutsis carved to pieces in Rwanda. The revolt in Kenya

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was put down with minimal mayhem. France recognized Red China. A few students were killed in Libya. Guerrilla conflicts warmed up in Burma. Terrorists pulled a few triggers in Guatemala. The Pentagon placed South Vietnam on the critical list. India, Kashmir and Pakistan were disagreeing again. President Johnson declared war—on poverty. Peaceful coexistence with poverty would have been unthinkable.

● *Arbitrate, dire, inarticulate, paramount, reactionary, concord, elucidate, minister, posterity, veritable* —from this vocabulary, students taking their midyear English exams at Francis Lewis High School, Long Island, had to select the correct words to fill five blanks in the following impartial monograph (answers supplied): "This is not the time to allow yourself to be INARTICULATE about your beliefs. Clarify them in your own mind so that you can ELUCIDATE them to anyone who questions you. Now is the time for all liberal thinkers to become vocal in order to withstand the constant attacks of the REACTIONARY right, who want to meet all current problems in the manner similar problems were resolved fifty years ago. It is of PARAMOUNT importance that we liberals speak out in order to prevent the DIRE consequences of a rightist victory." *Humbug, indoctrination*—select the correct word for the blanks in the following: Liberal ———— is ————.

● It occurs to us that the Nobel Prize Committee should persuade Arthur Schlesinger Jr. *not* to write a history of the Kennedy years—and then give him the history prize.

Bell for Round One

We write as Barry Goldwater's campaign, at the end of its fourth week, seems to be completing its introductory phase. Looking back over this short, preliminary distance, we enter a few notes on the form sheet.

1) Following the lead given by Walter Lippmann in a midsummer's column, Liberal publicists had been lavish with their predictions that Goldwater, becoming a genuine contender for the Presidency, would trim, compromise and water down his more controversial views in order to bring them within the bounds of the "center consensus." This has not, in general, happened. Of course, Goldwater is not and never has been the crackpot "right-wing extremist" of the Liberal nightmares, so that the further explication of his ideas in the daily course of the campaign shows them to be more sensible and practicable than his official detractors had led many citizens to suppose. But it is a striking feature of these introductory weeks that Goldwater has, on the whole, continued, with the forthrightness that comes so naturally to him, to put forward the same "hard" positions that he has in the past defended. He has not trimmed or retreated, even though he knows in advance the fury, scorn and ridicule he is sure to provoke from the Liberal verbalists.

He has stated flatly that sooner or later Castro will have to be driven from Cuba and that for this task U.S. power will be required. He placed face up on the table the question of missile reliability. He analyzed the problem of poverty and its relation to government in terms hidden for decades behind the reigning hypocrisies. He reiterated his wish to introduce a voluntary element into the Social Security system. He repeated his opinion that, if the UN admits Red China, the U.S. should get out.

It goes without saying that Goldwater's firm adherence to his own beliefs wins him no plaudits from the publicists who deplored the expediential compromises they expected. The dilemma here is complete: Goldwater is, as they write it, a madman if he sticks to his views and a self-serving scoundrel if he modifies them. What this shows is that Goldwater would be stupid indeed to pay them the slightest attention, one way or the other.

2) The friends and friendly critics of Goldwater have remarked that his campaign, thus far, has been weak in several of its joints. The weaknesses have been of two kinds. One is on the practical level—a matter of trains, planes, schedules, meeting arrangements, organizational holes, liaison, that sort of thing. Creaking here was unavoidable, particularly with a candidate unbroken to a tight harness. But the performance, now that the enterprise is actually operating, is bound to improve rapidly.

There have also been weaknesses in the presentation of ideas and policy. In Goldwater's individualistic political style there has often been something of the in-and-out fighter, even of the guerrilla: a quick well-aimed blow or two against a heavyweight opponent, and then a shift to avoid a prolonged clinch. His candor, his willingness to "think it out" in public, are so unusual in our age of computerized, staff-prepared, ghost-written politics that his audience, accustomed to the standard bland clichés, is sometimes puzzled about exactly what he means. In some cases Goldwater does not seem to have thought through just how and to what extent one can actually carry through in practice ideas and goals that he regards as desirable in theory: the great and often tragic problem, indeed, of political life in general. We would wish too, that he might have responded more fully to some of the sweeping events of these same four weeks—in Panama, Zanzibar, Paris, Cyprus and Vietnam—and thereby given a fuller demonstration of

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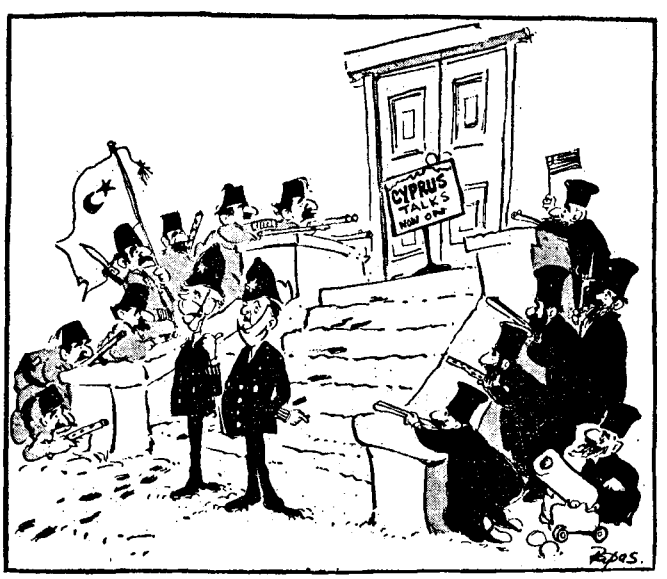
leadership not only to Republicans but to the nation.

Let us add that in these last comments we especially honor Barry Goldwater. By the suggested criteria, the other candidates—Democratic as well as Republican—don't even exist. They are seldom entangled by what they say because they are saying nothing at all—nothing, certainly, of any point or significance. Their sole method of dealing with serious problems is to avoid them, and if they can't be avoided, to shut their eyes. After all, the only man who could actually do anything about Panama, Zanzibar, Cyprus and Paris is President Lyndon Johnson, who does nothing at all.

3) In the latter days of these weeks there is increasing evidence that the weaknesses, organizational and political, have been recognized by Goldwater and his staff, and are being diligently corrected. The improvement already in process was reported in some detail by the syndicated *Herald Tribune* writers, Rowland Evans and Robert Novak—no Goldwater supporters, they—in their column published January 24. "The warnings from Goldwater's aides are beginning to sink in. . . . Goldwater," they conclude, "for the first time is acting as though running for President is a deadly serious business. He makes advance plans for answers to tolerable questions. He solicits and pays close attention to advice."

4) We make, finally, a modest suggestion: that Goldwater and his staff prepare at once a series of short, clear "position papers" on the issues that keep coming up in question-and-answer periods, broadcasts and editorials, and that cannot be adequately dealt with in a quick verbal response: the UN, Social Security, taxation, Cuba, John Birch Society, weapons policy, TVA, civil rights. These should not be another set of those dreary, endless monographs such as a Kennedy or Rockefeller machine grinds ponderously out, but straightforward, readable summaries of the main facts and arguments, written with the actual field experience in mind. One of these every two or three days would give the Goldwater campaign a new dimension and new excitement, and supply just the right ammunition for his thousands of volunteers in the field.



Manchester Guardian Weekly

"Let's hope they come out smiling. . ."

Mediterranean Cuba?

The present trouble in Cyprus has caused more concern in Britain, and provoked fuller British intervention, than anything that has happened since Suez. The reason is that Whitehall shares Ankara's estimate: yielding to the Greek Cypriot demand (applauded in Moscow) for withdrawal of the "guaranteeing powers" (Britain, Greece, Turkey) named in the 1960 treaty and constitution establishing Cyprus as an independent nation would not only condemn the Turkish Cypriots (20 per cent of the island's population) to massacre, economic suffocation, and exile, but permit a Communist takeover in short order. Unfortunately, the strategic meaning may be obscured by politics.

Archbishop ("Holy") Makarios, operating in a united front with the well-organized and armed Communists, and refusing to deny that he has asked Moscow for military support, is preparing the ground for the 1965 elections.

Premier Ismet Inonu of Turkey, who is barely able to hang onto his parliamentary majority at home, seeks to exploit the Cyprus problem in an attempt to stay in power.

Nasser, holding himself aloof, expresses the dislike and suspicion of the Arab bloc for their historic enemy, the Turk. They do not forget the Ottoman Empire, or the strategic importance of Cyprus in the Near East, and they think of Turkey's manifold modern sins: her close alliance with the West, and her unique (among Moslem nations) recognition of Israel, with whom she has close diplomatic and economic ties.

Britain's interest in Cyprus derives not only from its treaty obligations but from its possession of an important naval and air base there. Moscow's interest betrays the growing awareness of the value of offshore "beachheads" near land masses, in the pattern of Cuba, or Zanzibar.

President Johnson's interest is, or should be, the prevention of a Communist base in the maritime heart of Europe. Britain has asked Washington to come to its aid in the Cyprus affair as a function of the common NATO obligation. Johnson has a double

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Focus on NOV. 3

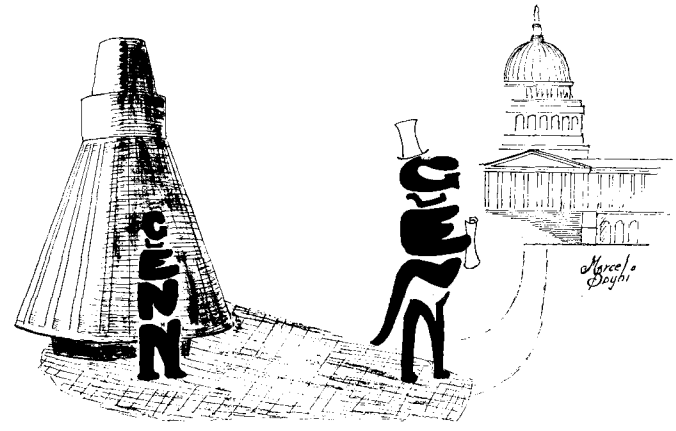
◆ If you've noticed a lot about Bobby Kennedy in the newspapers recently, give it a second thought. It's the kind of publicity buildup that doesn't just happen, and behind it there's a realistic calculation: that the Kennedy Tribe can have the Vice Presidential nomination if it wants it. Color it this way: the Tribe can let it be known, before convention time, that Bobby (or Sarge Shriver, if Bobby had other plans) is the man for Veep; and then if Lyndon Johnson has a different idea, he'll either have to forget it or put himself in the suicidal position of railroading the Kennedys out of politics. Ideally the press will continue to talk up the Humphreys and Wagners and Gene McCarthys, in order to give Johnson the chance to *appear* as if he has picked out Bobby from the field. It's a sound bargain from Bobby's standpoint, because if the Democrats lose in November the head of the ticket, not Bobby, will bear the blame; and if they win, Bobby will have two roads open to the White House.

◆ And then there were nine. GOP candidates in the New Hampshire Presidential primary, that is. Already the word is going around that no matter what happens, the results in New Hampshire will be "inconclusive." That attracts the free-riders who can grab some publicity and get a leg over the first limb of the plum tree without risking anything more serious than an inconclusive among-those-present. But, no matter how many horses are in the race, it always looks impressive if one finishes well in front of the pack. So neither Goldwater nor Rocky is sitting back in the saddle.

◆ A special cadre carrying out certain confidential tasks for Rockefeller in New England made two additional testings before it would believe the results of its own New Hampshire poll conducted in mid-January. Henry Cabot Lodge came out well ahead—with more votes, in fact, than all others combined. A confidential Goldwater poll also shows Lodge doing amazingly well as of early January. Some analysts believe Lodge is benefiting from a "plague on both your houses" attitude on the part of the granitic New Hampshirites plus a favoring of the nearest thing on the list to a local boy. (With Maine's Margaret Chase Smith now invading the hills, the second factor will drop out, of course.) Goldwater strategists are not unhappy over a possible Lodge trend in N.H.: they point out that from a national perspective Goldwater couldn't ask for a more convenient rival; as Presidential candidate, most active Republican workers would take Bobby Kennedy over Lodge, any day.

◆ Illinois Secretary of State Charles Carpentier has resigned from the GOP gubernatorial primary because, it is reported, of a heart attack; State Treasurer William Scott has come into the race; Cook County GOP chairman Hayes Robertson has bowed out; conservatives three. All local lines are crossed. Bell & Howell's Charles Percy, 44, claims to be front runner at the moment, after the disappearance of his two senior citizen rivals, but no longer looks like Flaming Youth—not with Scott in the race at thirty-six. After a couple of weeks of regrouping under a merciful cloud of cigar smoke, Illinois GOP politics will take on a new shape.

◆ On January 19 the *Syracuse Post-Standard* (N.Y.) published the results of a Presidential preference poll in which readers tore off a coupon, wrote in their man's name, and mailed it to the paper. Goldwater got 780 votes, Nixon 639, Lodge 309, Rockefeller 83, Romney 57, and William Miscellaneous (R., Pa.) 55. The *Post-Standard* (pro-Rockefeller) commented: "To have Governor Rockefeller get only 83 votes of a total of 2,091 ballots mailed in from 27 counties in the heartland of upstate Republicanism indicates a devastating grassroots repudiation of the state's chief executive. . . . Obviously, if he cannot carry New York, there is no point in nominating him, even if he does have the state's convention delegates." And in Washington last week 400 Young Republicans attending the YR Leadership Training School named their Presidential preference; Goldwater 82.7 per cent; next highest Scranton 5.2 per cent; all others combined 12.1 per cent.



◆ An even more significant poll was conducted by *Congressional Quarterly,* which reported last week that the GOP members of Congress favor Goldwater as Presidential candidate by a wide margin: 44.2 per cent for Goldwater as against Scranton (#2), Nixon (#3), and Rockefeller (a far-off #4).

◆ Republicans (Young, College and Women) foregathered in Davenport, Iowa a week or so ago from nearby areas for a mock convention. It was Goldwater on the second ballot by 777 votes to Henry Cabot Lodge's four hundred and ten. Of interest, Nelson Rockfeller didn't get a single vote on the second and final ballot.

◆ New Hampshirites, noting Rockefeller's "fiscal soundness," are fascinated to learn that Rocky has raised N. Y. income taxes 103 per cent since he got in office.

◆ Suggested campaign tactics for the GOP opponent of John Glenn of Ohio (if it comes to that): "Why aren't our talented young men interested in the United States space program?"

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opportunity—to block a Communist thrust, and to put life into NATO, groggy from de Gaulle's battering, by giving it a victory in the field.

As we go to press, the President has done nothing. That is the way Cubas are made, and alliances shattered.

C'est Moi, de Gaulle

Charles de Gaulle's self-confidence is absolute. He believes that politics is will, and that his own will is master of events. A political act is possible and correct *because he has willed it.* It may not be denied that from the past quarter of a century this extraordinary man, who bestrides our age of mediocrities like something rather close to a Colossus, can derive a good deal of support for so believing. In June 1940, alone in London, he announced that he was France, and so it proved despite all that Giraud and Darlan, Churchill and Roosevelt, Hitler and Stalin could do to disprove him. With a couple of meager divisions he told the commander of the greatest army in history that he, de Gaulle, would rule in Strasbourg, and it was not de Gaulle who gave way. He informed his countrymen in 1947 that he would withdraw until they called him back on his own terms; and in 1958 they called. When a parliamentarian wished to abandon Algeria, that was treason; it was wisdom and victory when de Gaulle decided. De Gaulle alone decreed the rejection of Britain from the Common Market, and it came to pass.

So it is in this grandiose—shall we say, megalomaniacal—perspective that de Gaulle now, contemptuous as always of the judgment of ally or foe, strikes the world political structure so shattering a blow by his recognition of Peking. He (therefore France) fulfills his own destiny. Let America—who betrayed France over Suez—taste the full humiliation! Let Khrushchev wonder! Let NATO fall! Let Erhard know that only by following de Gaulle can he be safe!

De Gaulle reasons as always in terms of nations and empires. The bipolar postwar world is dissolved. Washington and Moscow move toward détente. Therefore France moves toward the counterbalancing détente in the East. There is no place for ideology, for classes or social revolution, for a Communist enterprise, in de Gaulle's equations. These factors introduced, he would realize that his dream for France is a delusion divorced from historical reality, that in destroying NATO he breaks Europe's, and France's, shield; that the probable effect of his irresponsible gamble with Peking is the loss—to the West, therefore to his Church and country—of all Southeast Asia and the southern seas. His striving now, like Samson's, can only destroy, not build.

The Irrational State

Some of the deepest questions of political philosophy lie just beneath the surface of the present controversy over the "cigarette report" published by U.S. Surgeon General Luther Terry (a Lark man, he, plus occasional pipe and cigar): questions that drive us back to first principles, such as, What is the state? and Where does it stop and the individual start?

Instead of going into the theology of it (which boils down to it's none of Washington's damn business what I smoke), let's improve the occasion by considering how it confirms a general rule: Whenever the state departs from its natural functions, it introduces irrationality. Irrational because the state makes decisions in the absence of settled values, and the more decisions it makes the more chance it has of invoking contradictory criteria.

The Healthy, Wealthy and Wise Department, through Dr. Terry of the U.S. Public Health Service, says cigarettes are evil. The Federal Trade Commission doesn't care whether Terry is right or wrong: it'll let the weed pass as long as it's accurately labeled. The Federal Communications Commission wants to be sure that tobacco advertising on the Wasteland circuit is "in the public interest," whatever that may be. The Pure Food and Drug boys will settle for a quickie decision whether tobacco is a food (yup) or a drug (one of the greatest) or a capital asset (yeah man) or a mere consumer doodad. The Internal Revenue Service is concerned lest the doodad volume drop, 'cause Our Master, The State, collects $3.3 billion a year from the tobacco trade. The Area Redevelopment boys are ambivalent: they don't like misery, but if the tobacco counties collapse, there'll be thousands of new jobs at ARA headquarters. The Department of Commerce and the Department of Labor smell jobs and money getting too close to the incinerator. Presumably the Census Department, concerned over the population explosion, is concerned at the thought of more people to tabulate.

The Agriculture Department and various lending agencies operate a system of acreage controls, marketing controls, price supports (financed by Washington), stabilization corporations (financed by federal funds, man), educational programs to improve the tobacco crop (resistance to bug and blight, higher quality, bigger yield per acre). And the Congress, of course, sports quite a few very fine gentlemen who can hardly fight the good fight in the defense of civilization if they're tossed out of office by a cynical, greedy, heartless mob of starving tobacco roadsters.

Come to think of it, even the New York City Department of Health will be hurt. It's been conducting a public education program on the evils of venereal disease, using matchbooks to carry its messages to all smokers (you know the connection between

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The Buried Report

A few months ago the UN dispatched a fact-finding mission to South Vietnam. Its purpose was to look into the charges of religious persecution under the Diem government. While the fact-finders were at work, the Diem government was assassinated. Nevertheless, the mission completed its work, and on Dec. 7 last filed its report: "The Violation of Human Rights in South Viet-Nam: Report of the United Nations Fact-Finding Mission to South Viet-Nam" (Dec. 7, 1963: 300+pp., code number A/5630). On Dec. 13 the General Assembly decided that "in the light of recent events that took place [*i.e.*, the *coup d'état*] it would not be useful to discuss the matter and no further action by the Assembly was required."

Which is rather like saying there's no reason to investigate the Kennedy assassination, since Kennedy is dead. But anyone who possesses a keener interest than the General Assembly in posthumous justice and historical integrity must regret that the material collected by the fact-finders and financed in large part by the U.S. taxpayer has not been publicized. To help set the record straight, here are some of the secrets of that hidden Report.

Although that is what the authors themselves called it, it is not exactly a "report." What it contains is the raw material on the basis of which a report would have been written. And at that, not all the raw material, because it had been understood that responsible members of the Diem government would be given the opportunity to reply to residual allegations against the conduct of the regime before the mission drew its conclusions. The very day when the government was supposed to present its surrebuttal, the government, so to speak, suffered a violent death. So that as the Report stands, it consists of a) the allegations against the Diem government; b) the procedures followed by the United Nations mission; c) preliminary interviews with government officials, and d) the reports of several dozen witnesses which include both the friendly and unfriendly.

What, on the basis of the raw material, might one conclude? Here is what the Costa Rican member of the committee, who had gone to Vietnam predisposed to accept the guilt of the Diem government, has concluded: "The charges made in the General Assembly against the Diem government were not sustained. . . . There was no religious discrimination or persecution, no encroachment of freedom of religion. . . . There is no other way to see it. The clash between a part—not all—of the Buddhist community and the Diem regime was on political grounds. . . . I have the feeling that the majority of the mission members (Afghanistan, Brazil, Ceylon, Costa Rica, Dahomey, Morocco and Nepal) considered it a political question, not a religious question."

Witnesses were heard representing every point of view, and the Diem government, in the expressed opinion of the mission, behaved impeccably, cooperating with the mission with the kind of zeal that tends to be shown by men confident of vindication. The upshot of the witnesses' testimony suggests, as the Costa Rican member stated, that the root difficulty was political, not religious, but that there had been a cynical abuse of the presumption in favor of religious liberty for all non-Russian-dominated states of the United Nations—sufficient to manufacture an international *cause célèbre* and undermine a government that had been the key to American policy in Southeast Asia. But what about the gruesome self-immolations? Consider the testimony of Witness No. 8, a nineteen-year-old monk.

While at a pagoda in Saigon "I heard about the atrocities perpetrated by the government against the Buddhists. I heard for example that Buddhist monks and nuns were beaten, that their hands were broken, that they were drowned, that they had their stomachs ripped open." In due course the young monk was approached by a member of the "suicide promotion group" and asked if he would sacrifice himself. "I accepted because I felt so upset about the news I had heard earlier about the government's treatment of monks."

The monk was given, on the day before the projected suicide, three letters. The first, addressed to the President of the Republic, demanded religious freedom, an end to torture, etc., etc. The second, addressed to a high-ranking opposition monk, charged a pro-government monk with betraying monks, nuns and Buddhists. The third, addressed to the UN mission, gave the reasons why he was committing suicide. "These letters had been prepared ahead of time for me and they asked me to sign them. I did not hesitate."

Fortunately, a friend of the sacrificial victim tipped off the police, who saved him from himself in the nick of time; and, having convinced himself of the falsity of the allegations, he took his story to the UN mission.

What is involved is not merely an academic piece of historical rectification, but essential information we need in order to guard against future such ventures in the hijacking of world opinion. Sen. Dodd—who has seen this type of opinion molding at work in the past, notably in Katanga—last week demanded that Congress look into the evidence amassed by the UN mission. Other prominent congressional leaders, of both parties, are understood also to be interested in the report.

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Venus and Vulcan). If Washington makes people stop smoking, how's New York going to get that *other* message across? On subway tokens?

How absurd it gets, what with thousands and thousands of federals milling around, all trying to do different (and oh so important) things to *nicotiana tabacum!* Why not just leave us, and it, alone? "Tobacco," said Robert Burton three centuries ago (*Anatomy of Melancholy*), "divine, rare, superexcellent tobacco, which goes far beyond all the panaceas, potable gold and philosopher's stones, a sovereign remedy to all diseases." Ditto, say we, for limited government and the free market.

What is needed is a refinement of the relevant laws of evidence—to permit the stricken cigarette smoker to sue the tobacco companies, unless they protect themselves by labeling their products: SMOKE AT YOUR OWN RISK. SOME SMOKERS WILL DIE OF CANCER.

Swing It, Man

When the flute is played in Zanzibar, all Africa east of the lakes must dance.

Arab Proverb

Beat me, daddy, with a boogie beat;
Bad old Sultan's obsolete!
Suzy Q was once OK,
But *nobody* Suzy Q's today.
That's why they kicked him out, and got
Somebody else whose beat is hot.
He don't dig that hot-cha-cha;
He really got the formula!
(Folks on Zanzibar all tell
How he dances like Fidel.)

W. H. VON DREELE

Yoo-Hoo, Mme. President

There are more women voters than men voters—a situation no woman, seriously weighing her entry into a Presidential race, could regard as less than extremely grave. So the ladies, bless 'em, and the gents, ever oblivious to the opposite polarity generated by placing any female specimen in the presence of any other female specimen, long ago arrived symbiotically at agreement on the political covenant, Men Candidates Only. Until last week, that is, when as everybody knows, Sen. Margaret Chase Smith shebanged into the New Hampshire Republican primary. The immediate discomfort of her announcement took the form of tin-ear clichés like "tossed her bonnet into the ring" and "favorite daughter campaign" and "could come to the convention with plenty of delegates in her pocketbook."

IN THE NEXT ISSUE

NATIONAL REVIEW'S ANSWERS FOR CONSERVATIVES

SING ALONG WITH THE LIBERAL REPUBLICANS
by William H. von Dreele

The wags have unveiled allusions to Maine Chance, to assorted feminine paraphernalia ("She's a step-in," one malcontent complained), to women drivers, to suffragettes (Who was that famous . . . ?); and to imminent disaster, from menopauses in the Cold War to laying eggs in domestic policy. The political analysts have been experiencing their discomforts, too: Sen. Smith will cut into everyone's vote in New Hampshire, but with half the politicians in the nation entering the race, it will be more fun co-ed. A final reflection: not even sloganeering seems to be safe any longer; now it's "The White House and/or bust."

Keeping the Congo Peace

Last October, on the plea of Cyrille Adoula, the Congolese Premier, U Thant asked and received $16 million in order to keep UN troops in the Congo yet a little while longer. The UN force was required, U Thant explained, to maintain the law and order which, it had been widely supposed, would be the automatic result of the liquidation of "secessionist" Moise Tshombe. The UN needed no prompting three years ago to get in there and crush Katanga, that singular threat to the peace; but it has not lifted a finger to contain the terrorist guerrilla mobs now overrunning Kwilu Province, nor—incredibly—has Adoula asked it to.

At last report one-third of Kwilu was in the hands of Communist guerrilla chief Pierre Mulele, and the terrorism was spreading to neighboring Kasai and Kwango, near the Angolan border. Mulele commands a force of two thousand raiders armed with bows, arrows and bush knives, which they are using, Maoist-style, to intimidate and enlist villagers, and to obliterate every trace of Central Government authority and Christian missionary activity. The UN "peace" force, now in its third term of Congo service, has five thousand men standing idle while Mulele sweeps bloodily on. If Adoula will not ask for its use (what, one wonders, can he be saving it for?), why does he not at least send in Congolese Army reinforcements? This, it seems, he cannot do in the absence of the army's commander, Gen. Joseph Mobutu. And where is Mobutu? On vacation, it is reported, "in a northern town."

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The Hysteria About Words

WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

ON THE RIGHT

Have you noticed that the use of an unusual word sometimes irritates the reader to such a point that he will accuse the user of affectation, than which there is no more heinous crime in the American republic? The distinguished political and social philosopher and columnist Mr. Russell Kirk used the word "energumen" to describe in his introduction to my book, *Rumbles Left and Right,* who it is I agitate against, and one reviewer fairly exploded with annoyance. Now the word in question means "someone possessed by an evil spirit," and fanatically addicted to a particular idea—can you think of a better word to describe certain kinds of people who seek to reorder public affairs according to their hypnotic visions? Should one refuse to use a venerable word for which there is no obvious synonym, simply because it is a word that does not regularly appear in the diet of the average reader?

Buckley

I raise the problem because I am often accused of an inordinate reliance on unusual words, and desire—as would you in my shoes, I think—to defend myself against the insinuation that I write as I do simply to prove that I have returned recently from the bowels of a dictionary with a fish in my mouth, establishing my etymological dauntlessness. Surely one must distinguish between those who plunder old tomes to find words which, in someone's phrase, should never be let out, belonging strictly to the zoo sections of the dictionary; and such others as Russell Kirk who use words because a) the words signify just exactly what the user means, and because b) the user deems it right and proper to preserve in currency words which in the course of history were coined as the result of a felt need.

There is a sort of phony democratic bias against the use of unusual words. Once recently I heard a young movie actress being interviewed on a radio station. She was asked by her interrogator what it meant to be an actress, and replied that an actor's life was "multifaceted." "What are you trying to pull on me?" demanded the radio announcer. Sweetie-Pie ran panicked from the argument—what else, in the democratic age, when it is deemed an effrontery on the democratic ideal to use a word that is not used twice a week by *Little Orphan Annie?* "I'm sorry I used such a fancy word—I guess I don't really know what it means—I should have said, there are lots of aspects to being an actress." Democracy won the day, and the show droned on.

A while ago I was on Jack Paar's program, and he asked me a number of questions having to do with this and that, which I tried, vainly, to answer as best I knew how. I wrote about that experience in *Rumbles Left and Right,* and described the ensuing tantrum of Mr. Paar, and his associates, who steamed on and on about my ideological vices, expressing special outrage at my unintelligibility.

It is a curious thing, this universal assumption by a number of prominently situated opinion- or rather mood-makers that the American people are either unaware of the unusual word, or undisposed to hear it, and find out what it means, thus broadening not merely their vocabulary—that isn't the important thing—but their conceptual and descriptive powers. Those who say that the average American is incapable of appreciating the meaning of the word "energumen" are, in my humble judgment, nuts. The average American is, in Franklin P. Adams' phrase, quite a bit above average, and his intelligence is not tied umbilically to Jack Paar's anti-intellectualist muse.

It is curious that a man who is offended by the use of the word "multifaceted" or "energumen" is perfectly capable of expressing a sentence of death-defying mechanical complexity. I am, unfortunately, innocent in the world of science, and I wish I knew what in the world the TV hawker is talking about when he reels off something having to do with a "double action injector system in the valve mechanism," but it does not occur to me to suggest that he is putting on airs; it occurs to me to rue my patently inadequate knowledge of my mechanical abc's.

The point about unusual words is that they are as necessary to philosophy, economics, aesthetics, political science, as they are necessary in the world of higher mechanics, in which so many people, displaying the natural American genius, are so much at home. It is possible, I suppose, to describe the refinements of an Astro-jet fan injection blah blah blah engine in words understandable to me, but the exercise is not often resorted to, because the manufacturers assume a certain level of mechanical literacy, as they assume that those who do not have it ought not to set the standards for those who do have it. So it is in other fields, which is why, in my judgment, when Mr. Russell Kirk uses the word "energumen," he should be allowed to use it, and the thing for book reviewers to do when they come upon it, if they are unfamiliar with it, is not to pout, but to open a dictionary and see if the word is one whose meaning they wish to learn. They must guard against going about like anti-literate energumens.

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If It's Goldwater v. *Johnson, Who Will Win?*

There are seven good reasons, says the author, why Lyndon Johnson can be beaten in '64, and why Barry Goldwater is the only Republican to do the job.

RALPH DE TOLEDANO

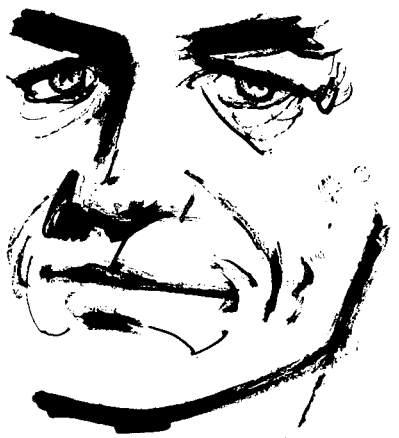
To a United Press International reporter, Barry Goldwater said in the summer of 1963: "I don't want this nomination, but it may be forced on me. If I'm put in a position where I have to take it, I won't be a reluctant tiger. I'll get out and fight." He paused briefly, then added: "With the right candidate, 1964 could be a Republican year after all."

Those words were spoken when John F. Kennedy was President of the United States. A Marxist assassin's bullet and the stark horror of death on a Dallas street put an end to one set of political conditions and established a new one. The opposition Kennedy had engendered and the controversy he had unleashed seemingly went to a grave in Arlington with him.

In Kennedy's place came Lyndon Baines Johnson—careful where his predecessor had been flamboyant, but standing well to the left of the New Frontier. A whole series of misapprehensions surrounded this cold and astute politician. The press described him as "conservative" or "moderate"—a leader who would compromise and temporize in order to bend the Congress to his purposes. He would, it was said, hold the North and win back the South. After all, he was "a New Deal Texan," by his own admission. The North would remember the New Deal half of the label, the South would fasten on to his Texan background. As a corollary, it was argued, the chances of Barry Goldwater had been markedly diminished. With the South once more in Democratic thrall, only a Liberal Republican could make any kind of showing in 1964.

Like most of the arguments advanced against Goldwater when his opponent was Kennedy, this one was a long whistle down a longer dark street. To begin with, President Johnson was no more a conservative than the ideologues of Americans for Democratic Action. The pundits had forgotten that Johnson had made his debut in national politics by supporting President Roosevelt's effort to pack the Supreme Court with left-of-center Liberals who would declare his program constitutional. From that moment on, he had been the darling of the New Dealers and the up-and-coming favorite of FDR. His maneuvering on Capitol Hill was responsible for passage of the only two civil rights bills—both anathema to the South—passed since Reconstruction days.

In the first days of his tenure as President, moreover, he had immediately moved firmly to rebuild the



crumbling coalition of minority groups which once sustained FDR. What Washington correspondents had known for years became common knowledge, namely that Johnson was an advocate of growing federal power as opposed to states' rights and state options.

In short, President Johnson embodied all the qualities which had alienated President Kennedy from the normally conservative Americans of the South, the Midwest, and the Rocky Mountain area (as well as sections of the Pacific Northwest and New England). At the same time, he lacked the charm and the public appeal which had played such an important part in the career of John F. Kennedy. Measured up against the razor-thin Democratic victory of 1960, the nature of Johnson's troubles become apparent. Those who rushed into print predicting a new Republican alignment based on Liberal "imperatives" had simply not done their arithmetic. For it is clear that the tragedy of Kennedy's death had not changed basic political facts.

Consider the statistics:

In 1964, the Presidential candidate will need 270 electoral votes.

In 1960, Kennedy carried seven of the eleven states of the Confederacy, with 84 electoral votes. If Johnson loses three of these states and does not gain in the North, he will be defeated.

In 1960, Kennedy carried Illinois, Michigan, Minnesota, and Missouri in the Midwest farmbelt. In 1964, Michigan has a Republican governor, and the Daley machine in Chicago (which gave Kennedy Illinois) is at odds with the Negro and creaking badly. These four states have 69 electoral votes. If Johnson loses Illinois and doesn't pick up any states in the rest of the country, he will be defeated.

In 1960, Kennedy carried eleven states (with 138 electoral votes) by pluralities of less than 51 per cent. In 1964, if a half-dozen of these states were to swing over to the Republicans, Johnson would be defeated. Relatively unknown except to the professionals and to Washington correspondents, Johnson would have

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a far rougher time in these states than did Kennedy.

In short, unless there is a great swing to President Johnson in 1964 the Democrats can be swept out of the White House and still carry New York, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania. But in Pennsylvania, the 1963 election was bad news with a Democratic incumbent squeaking through in Philadelphia on the wing and prayer of a 60,000 plurality where he should have coasted in with 200,000. Since the Philadelphia vote is what gave Pennsylvania to Kennedy, the lesson is clear.

If Johnson loses the South, Illinois, and a scattering of the marginal states, he can be defeated even though he may pick up California which went to Richard Nixon by a hair in 1960. The pundits believe that Johnson can halt the Goldwater Republican tide in the South, but this evaluation is based more on wish-fulfillment than on facts. Even during the period of "bipartisanship" after the assassination of John F. Kennedy, Johnson's open advocacy of the neo-socialist program of his predecessor and his emphasis on civil rights had been fully noted south of the Mason-Dixon line—and not appreciated.

Voting Groups Analyzed

This is the statistical case for Goldwater conservatism. But it presupposes certain facts about the state of Johnson's popularity and political muscle around the country. The true estimate can only come through an examination of the voting groups which form a core of strength in particular states, and of the issues.

Point One: Can Johnson hold on to the Negro vote? This would affect his showing in Illinois (Chicago), Michigan (Detroit), and other industrial states. The rise of Negro militancy has created problems which were not foreseen by those who had counted on it to keep President Kennedy in office. One of those problems is that Negro leaders want more than any Administration can give them. It is true that, despite Johnson's Southern origins, Negro leaders seem to be more comfortable with him than with Kennedy. But this may not rub off on rank-and-file Negroes in militant organizations. It is also true that a vote won among Negroes seems to cost a vote from the rest of the population—and this does not include the South.

It has been depressing to Administration leaders to discover what was reported by the Evans-Novak team in the *New York Herald Tribune* prior to Kennedy's death. Brutally realistic, it was also accurate and continued to obtain after the Johnson accession:

> Other Democratic-inclined minority groups are turning against the Negro. . . . Just what this could mean in lost votes for President Kennedy and other Democrats in 1964 is impossible to say now. But there are enough clues of inter-ethnic hostility to produce sleepless nights for Democratic politicians. . . .
>
> Chicago's young Negro leaders hold [Mayor Richard] Daley responsible for the city's rigidly segregated housing. . . . Irish-Negro hostility is by no means limited to Chicago. In nearly every big city, it threatens the Democratic Party's neat working arrangement under which the Irish provide the leadership and the Negroes supply the vote. Negroes and Irish now find themselves on opposite sides of picket lines as Negroes try to end Jim Crow policies in Irish-dominated construction unions. . . .
>
> Some Irish voters [in Philadelphia], angered by [the Mayor's] concessions to Negroes, may actually switch to the Republican column. . . .
>
> But Irish-Negro hostility is not the only ethnic problem facing Democrats. There is concern among Democratic politicians about growing anti-Semitism in the Negro masses. In Harlem, for instance, it is becoming standard procedure for a Negro leader to prove his militance by dropping some slighting remark about Jews. . . .
>
> Negroes themselves are the target of jealousy by another . . . low status minority—the Spanish-speaking Americans. Such resentment is, in fact, being turned against the Democratic Party in Los Angeles by Mexican-Americans. Although the city's half million Latinos backed Mr. Kennedy overwhelmingly in 1960, their leaders now complain that Democratic leaders have forgotten them in a rush to help Negroes. . . .
>
> This backbiting among minorities discloses some hard truths about the Democrats' ethnic coalition. . . . Far from pulling together for racial equality, minority groups tend to regard each other as competitors.

The Negro trend toward overt anti-Semitism is one that can torpedo Johnson hopes in November of 1964. If the Jewish community becomes aware of this, its longtime support for Negro civil rights causes will evaporate. The Jewish minority is one which has attained status and economic suppleness. It is well represented in the news media and in the intellectual pursuits. Many of its members are what Madison Avenue calls "opinion makers." Negro anti-Semitic actions will cause them to seek some redress from President Johnson. And if he refuses, he will gain the chaotic Negro vote but lose the support of Jews who have contributed in works and loyalty to the Democratic cause since the days of Franklin Delano Roosevelt.

Importance of the Farmers

Point Two: Is the President in trouble with the farmers? If he is, then he can kiss the election goodbye. The farmers may account for only 8 per cent of the population, but they dominate in 22 states having a total of 221 electoral votes. (Negroes make up 10 per cent of the population but they are concentrated either in already very strong Democratic areas or in the South where their effect on elections as yet is negligible.) Kennedy carried only six of these farming states, and by margins ranging from one percentage point down to three-tenths of a percentage point. And if there is one certainty in the wheat and corn belt, it is that the farmers do not like Secretary of Agriculture Orville Freeman. The wheat referendum demonstrated this, as well as their hatred of controls. Downward fluctuations in wheat prices as the election approaches would be very damaging to Democratic chances. The farmers have not forgotten Kennedy's go-lump-it attitude when the Freeman Control Plan was rejected, or his refusal to propose new legislation to keep prices up. Under Eisenhower, the Democrats made gains in farm-state senatorial seats and governor's mansions—but by hair-thin pluralities. The Republicans, who now hold more than 50 per cent, or 92 out of 175 seats for these states in the House of Representatives, expect to make significant gains.

Point Three: Can Johnson inject enthusiasm into his party? This is a serious question and perhaps the most important one. With roughly two-thirds of the Congress Democratic, a friendly press, and the sympathy of the intellectual community (whose ideas are far more pervasive

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"Suicide of the West" will make it plain to you — as no other book has ever done — why we are losing, and why our civilization will most probably be destroyed if we do not rid ourselves of a Liberal leadership that is incapable of defeating America's enemies: moral decay at home and the Communist threat abroad. Read all about it.

THERE could be no more vital moment for this explosive and revealing new book. You will talk about it, quote from it, and recommend it to your friends hundreds of times between now and the crucial election this November. Never before have you read such a straightforward and *factual* description of *why* this is America's time of decision, why failure to change course *now* will be disastrous.

But don't expect a bitter, negative book: Burnham dedicates it to "all liberals of good will," whom he asks, in persuasive and positive language, to join the struggle to save Western civilization.

Here is just a sampling of what you will find in this book:

Who Are The Liberals?

Burnham paints a vivid picture of the modern Liberal — and shows how and why so many prominent people in our society fit the portrait (even though some would deny it). You'll find both familiar and surprising names here.

Is The "Good Society" Dangerous?

The Liberal is never more fuzzy-minded than when talking about his ideal world. Burnham shows why this is so: why dangerously mistaken ideas about human nature and political reality make today's Liberal incapable of fashioning a society strong enough to survive!

Does Ideology Make Sense?

This chapter may well make *you* uncomfortable. In it, Burnham shows how millions, including many conservatives, have come to accept as fact the attitudes and platitudes of Liberal ideology which the hard facts of history have shown to be myths.

More, you will find a questionnaire, to test your friends (or yourself!), that contains a sure-fire method of separating ideologues from realists. This test is so simple that you will pay it the highest possible compliment: "Why didn't I think of that!"

Why Is The West Losing?

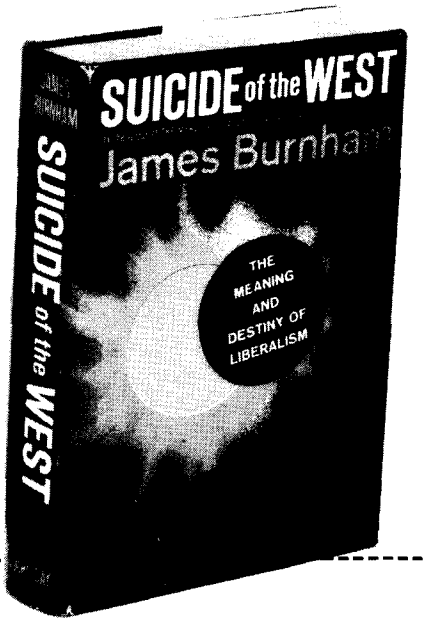
This seminal book contains so many ideas it is difficult to describe them adequately, but you will probably find most interesting those chapters dealing with the terribly swift decline of the Western world, such as:

1) **The Contraction of the West** — why a glance at the map will show that silly talk about "winning the peace" is a cover-phrase for the obvious and rapid retreat of Western power and influence;

2) **The Drift of U.S. Foreign Policy** — if you have ever asked yourself, Do we *have* a foreign policy, this remarkable analysis will give you the answer — Yes, we have *three* foreign policies, all conflicting, with none given the priority necessary to avoid chaos;

3) **The Function of Liberalism** — here the author, after presenting his case with compelling authority, asks the most vital question of all — is Liberalism destined to preside over the decline and fall of the West?

"James Burnham has written the book about Liberalism for which the world has been aching. It is worth more to the West than the year's gross national product, more than all our planes and bombs — with all of these, we have still been losing out in the world. But this book is not only a pathologist's report. It gives the key for the recovery of the West." — Wm. F. Buckley Jr.



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than we realize), the New Frontier acts as if it were a besieged army with little hope of rescue. In part, this is due to the early arrogance of the Administration. It was not enough to be a loyal and hard-working Democrat. All the patronage plums, the honors, and the power went to Kennedyites. Close friends and relatives predominated. Those who had been part of the Inner Circle in the senatorial days—or who had ties with young Robert Kennedy—were the elect of the New Frontier. The others took what they could snatch, but they felt like outsiders. They did not turn against John F. Kennedy—that would have been suicidal. But they were not happy. Even the "in group" had its quick disillusionment. They expected another vital Administration, bubbling with inventiveness, full of vigor. And they discovered that some of the New Frontiersmen were still fighting the tired wars of the 1930s while the rest of them were looking for a safe billet. To use Sidney Hyman's phrase, they are now members of "the Party of Silence." In an article for *Look*, "Why There's Trouble on the New Frontier" Hyman said:

> Many of Kennedy's natural friends among the Democrats on Capitol Hill refer to his Administration as "they" not "we." One senator from a Rocky Mountain region, who has braved hostile opinion back home to support the President's program, says of the Administration: "From the way they bear themselves, you'd think that the congressional members of the Democratic Party are a pack of enemy aliens, bent on subverting the way *they* are running things off in a corner.

This let-down has been inherited by President Johnson. The idea that he can win over the Congress is Utopian. By nature, the Presidency must be in opposition to the legislative branch. And it should be recalled that when he was Majority Leader of the Senate, Johnson achieved much, but he never won the love of his colleagues. They admired his abilities, but he was not a warm man nor an easy-going leader. In the changing of the guard that follows the passing of a Commander-in-Chief, Johnson is relying heavily on precisely those people who repeatedly got Kennedy into trouble—both for their ideas and their manner. The press covered up for Kennedy, but only a handful of Washington correspondents has the kind of adulation for Johnson that most of the corps felt for Kennedy.

Point Four: Can Johnson successfully defend the Kennedy foreign policy? Defend it he must; that is a political imperative. In the Roosevelt era, it was easy to blame all failures on the State Department and credit all successes to the President. (This spared reporters from the sharp edge of FDR's tongue at press conferences.) But times have changed

—the press is more sophisticated and the problems are far more pressing than they were in the first two Roosevelt terms.

The American people have read of the shambles created by the Kennedy Administration's defense policies in Britain and Canada. This will all be thrown at Johnson, and there is not the slightest chance that he will be able to right these situations in time for the election—even if his advisers come up with the necessary answers.

The assassination of the President by a Castroite Communist has exacerbated the Cuban situation and aroused those who had tended to forget it. Cuba remains a sword pointed at the American heart. The best political analysis would show that the K-and-J Administration's steady harping on the theme, "Do you want to risk nuclear war over Cuba?" may have satisfied people—but only temporarily.

There are American troops fighting and dying in Vietnam. On the other hand, the K-and-J Administration has refused to realize that there is a linkage with Laos. Kennedy indecision led to the disastrous "troika" there. If Laos goes, then so does Vietnam—and vice versa. The steady decline in the NATO alliance is another case in point. President Kennedy inherited a healthy system. It is now one of the saddest invalids in the diplomatic world. Was this inevitable? Was it happenstance? The voter wants to know, and it may be that in God's good time he will refuse to be put off by an equivocal answer or the rhetoric which silences debate but settles nothing.

Point Five: Will the K-and-J Administration be able to point to a record of achievement in domestic affairs? Political observers of all persuasions have said that in this area, President Kennedy was woefully weak. And using a football metaphor, James Reston of the *New York Times* wrote that Kennedy had played "touch government"—he touched many problems but tackled very few. To date, the major achievement of the Democratic Administration has been to expand the federal bureaucracy and to break records in expanding the national debt. The promises of getting the country "on the move" (Kennedy: "Let us begin"; Johnson: "Let us continue"), and of stimulating economic growth have not materialized. The "innovations" which were to be introduced to bring this about have turned out to be slightly refurbished 1933 New Deal slogans and a great amount of palaver. Except for the new faces in government offices, the mixture is as before. For two sessions, congressional Democrats have looked for leadership and inspiration. But the K-and-J operation on the Hill—as the Democrats themselves privately aver—has been one of deals and pressure. There has been not a single burst of enthusiasm over domestic policy since January 1961.

Regarding defense, segments of Congress and an increasing number of voters are convinced that Secretary McNamara is determined to preside over the liquidation of the United States armed forces. A group of slide-rule-wielding "whiz kids" have taken over the Pentagon. They have unceremoniously pushed aside the military and taken on such functions as the evaluation of weapons systems—something they were not

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taught at the Ivy League colleges from which they sprang. Morale in the services is low—and for a reason. Since the take-over in 1961, the United States has not produced a single new weapons system. It has, however, begun the dismantling of the Strategic Air Command. The missile program, which provides the nation with its major defense system, was all on paper and in the works before Kennedy took office. Having urged that we put all our NATO eggs in the Polaris basket—and having begun to shut down U.S. missile bases abroad—the Administration now has begun to drag its feet in the production of nuclear submarines, deciding on less than the Congress was more than willing to pay for.

The space program, also in the works when President Eisenhower drove away from the White House in January of 1961, has fared fantastically well. But for reasons unknown, Kennedy had continued to play it down and to reiterate what is patently not so—that the United States is "second best" in space. (The only accurate statement would be that we are different in space, but that scientifically and from the standpoint of control we are far ahead. As of this writing, no American astronaut has burned up in space, whereas our Intelligence grudgingly admits that at least a dozen Russians have lost their lives in the cold blue yonder.)

Point Seven: There is often a great gap between what is so and what people believe to be so. And in this psychological gray area between the shadow and the substance, the Kennedy Administration had also been hurt among its once most-ardent endorsers. Again, Sidney Hyman:

> "Justice" has lost its motive power as the source and object of politics [under Kennedy]. Few people in Washington today even mention the word. Justice after all, has an up-and-at-'em ring. It implies that something ought to be done about social problems close at hand . . . problems about which the Census Bureau has masses of precise data. Yet a number of New Frontiersmen seem to believe that one should not press too hard. Why? Because the pressure could split the country, and, as everyone knows monolithic unity alone will win the cold war against the monolithic Communists. So don't talk about justice. . . . The great thing to do, instead, is to talk about "power" and "efficiency." These are the great unifying words of the hour, used to explain any action—or inaction—in dealing with Castro and Khrushchev, Laos and South Vietnam, de Gaulle and Adenauer.

"You seem to be against just about everything. What are you for?"

The great appeal of a Barry Goldwater is that to millions of Americans he represents that call to justice. Richard Nixon, standing in the wings and hoping for the lightning to strike, finds himself now the voice of expediency — an ironic position for the man who threw caution to the winds and staked all on getting to the bottom of the Hiss case. Nelson Rockefeller represents little more than his own ambition. This is what Republicans will consider. Around Goldwater there is that "we" feeling in wide projection. Among the others, the "they" feeling prevails. This includes President Johnson. The expression on his face is remarkably similar to Nixon's —perhaps because both men are so carefully meticulous about weighing the odds before they move.

In the Roosevelt era, it was a "we" feeling all along. In the confrontation to come, this may be the single most important factor. Many Americans can forget ideological issues when caught up in the quadrennial excitement, voting for the man. In Barry Goldwater, the till-now alienated conservatives will have a candidate they can support wholeheartedly. The uncommitted will have a candidate who imparts that "we" feeling, who can set a crowd to cheering as no Republican has done since the days of Teddy Roosevelt. Young people who have reached voting age in the last two or three years do not care about tired, thirty-year-old feuds. They are more than slightly chagrined at the efforts of some New Frontiersmen to make America a kind of second-class Ferdinand the Bull. They are bored with a mechanistic, materialistic view of history and society. They can therefore rise to the challenge thrown down by Barry Goldwater when he addressed the Young Republicans in June of 1963:

> It is time we realized more clearly that the modern "liberals" who are hopelessly confined to an economic view of man, who are hopeless captives of the big-city machines of the North, are not only morally bankrupt but they are also intellectually bankrupt.
>
> They have not had a new idea in thirty years . . .
>
> They are sterile and rigid.
>
> Modern "liberalism" is only a form of *rigor mortis*.

In 1964, and in elections to come, the choice will be between conserva-

(Continued on p. 128)

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The Third World War

UN Chicken Home to Roost

JAMES BURNHAM

Three developments of the past month are combining to precipitate a crisis in the relation between the United States and the UN. In the Panama affair the United States is getting a strong dose of the decolonization demagogy that it has dished out so carelessly to others in the course of UN debates. De Gaulle's decision to recognize Peking will inevitably shift a sufficient number of Assembly votes to produce the two-thirds majority required for admitting Communist China to UN membership. The bloody shambles in East and Central Africa makes it impossible to conceal any longer the real nature of a considerable proportion of the UN members.

What is the U.S. Government going to do, now, about the UN? Lyndon Johnson is a man who has made his way by sliding around, between, over and under problems rather than by meeting them squarely. But some problems are too stubborn, thorny or massive to evade. Besides, Mr. Johnson now has the country's interests as well as his own political career to think of.

Consider what could so easily be the situation, what quite possibly will be the situation, in the Panama affair. Have we as a nation really reached the point where we are willing to allow the UN General Assembly to tell us whether we may or may not run the Panama Canal and retain our military installations in the Zone?

Or take the China business. Our government has insisted that the Communists' regime is outlaw; that formal recognition can only bolster its tyranny over its own subjects and aid its plans of external aggression; that admitting it to the UN would make a mockery of the Charter and gravely increase the threat which the Chinese Communists are able to pose to peace and freedom. Their regime has made war on us—and on the UN—in Korea; on India in the Himalayas, and is at present backing a fierce war of aggression against us and our allies with the aim of seizing all Southeast Asia. Everywhere in the world it supports the most fanatic enemies of non-Communist governments; its leaders openly accept general nuclear war as a means for achieving their ends. What are we going to do when the General Assembly votes to admit the Chinese Communists? Lyndon Johnson is going to have to give the instructions.

Tom Toms Beating

But it is the third episode, or series of episodes, that is the most pitiless in compelling a review of our relation to the UN. One after another the new African member-states are revealing the grotesque and tragic truths that hold for most of them, and for not a few outside of Africa, it should be added. These are not nations by any stretch of the definition. They are not civilized in any intelligible sense of the term. Their native peoples are not qualified to govern themselves in responsible fashion, and are utterly unfit for responsible conduct toward their neighbors or toward civilized nations. In international affairs, they can function, if granted the chance to function, only to promote anarchy and chaos.

The only civilizing force in sub-Saharan Africa is, as it has been, the elements of Western civilization that exist there: political institutions, schools, churches, laws, ideas, business enterprises, and the persons in whom these elements are embodied —a certain number of native Africans, but pathetically few, and the swiftly receding layer of Europeans. In short, the thin remaining fringe of civilization is what Communist propaganda calls "neo-colonialism."

These truths are rather widely known of course, but from diverse motives of demagogy, sentimentality, corruption, cowardice or supposed *Realpolitik* they have been kept as much as possible out of public view. Even the unspeakable outrages that followed Congolese independence were somehow suppressed under the cloud of Katanga. But last month the savagery in East and Central Africa ripped the veil, one would suppose, beyond mending.

Assembly or Madhouse?

The political hunting ground of these pseudo-nations is the UN General Assembly. What do we say, what do we do, when the delegate from Zanzibar rises to denounce our imperialist ways and the delegate from Rwanda moves to oust us from the Canal Zone or Guantanamo, or to send a mission to deal with segregation in Virginia? In all history there has never been a political institution more absurd than this idiotic Assembly where Rwanda and Zanzibar vote in juridical equality with the United States, France and Russia.

It is easy to sympathize with the increasing number of Americans who feel we should simply resign from the UN. I do not myself agree with that too easy solution; and, in general, the rule of dynamic politics is to get into things, not shy away. But I am more than ever convinced by these most recent episodes that this country should meet the problem of the General Assembly head on. As a forum and meeting place for all nations, real or pseudo, the Assembly can do little harm and is often useful. As a decision-making body it is insane. We should therefore restrict our role in the Assembly to talking and listening, and refuse to recognize it as a decision-making body: that is, refuse to participate in any vote on "a question of substance," refuse even to abstain; and refuse also, as logical consequence, to contribute any money or practical support to carrying out any decision that the Assembly might make without us.

This policy on our part would leave intact all the technical operations of the UN and its auxiliaries, and would still permit political decisions by the Security Council, where the restricted membership and the veto power ensure at least a minimum of responsibility. The change would not transform the UN into an angelic choir, but might at least make it seem a little less like a madhouse.

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Will We Lose the Canal?

What Panama wants is clear: it's the Canal. What we've got to decide is whether we intend to keep it, and negotiate on that basis, and that alone

EDWIN McDOWELL

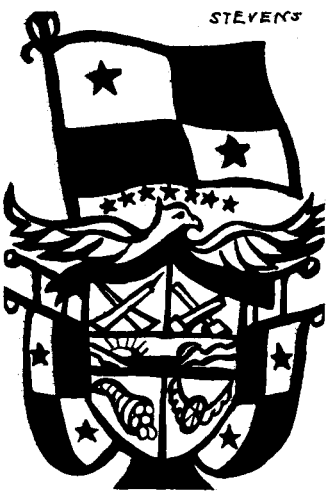
The mob violence and demonstrations in Panama appeared to catch Washington by surprise, although many observers knew just such a situation was inevitable. In effect, tension in varying degrees has existed between Panamanians and the United States for 60 years; during recent months it was widely reported that this tension had approached the threshold of violence. The root of the tension: Despite two major revisions of the original treaty giving the United States the right "in perpetuity" to use, occupy and control the Panama Canal, the question remains which nation—the U.S. or Panama?—is sovereign there.

Panama President Roberto Chiari insists "Panama does not want control over the Canal. But we do want a new treaty. We have not received satisfactory economic compensation." Other Chiari demands: Mixed courts in the Zone; use of Panamanian postage in the Zone; more Panamanian products sold in the Zone; dock and port facilities at U.S. expense; Spanish as an official language, along with English; finally, the U.S. should withhold Panama taxes of Panamanian citizens who work in the Zone.

The Republic of Panama was created by the U.S.; it survives today because of the benefits derived from its treaty with the U.S. (Canal Zone payments to Panama in 1962 amounted to $85.2 million, or $18.4 million more than the country's national budget.) Except for the U.S., Panama today might still be a diseased swampland, beset by internal revolution and outside invasions.

For hundreds of years the thin strip of land which is Panama had been thought of as a likely place for a waterway connecting the Caribbean Ocean. Balboa, Columbus, Cortez—all dreamed about a waterway which would allow them to travel westward to the great sea. The French also had dreamed of a canal at Panama, and, thanks to the urging of Napoleon III, were eager to undertake the project. A group headed by de Lesseps, the engineer who shortly before had completed the Suez Canal, obtained canal privileges from Colombia. The combination of waste, inefficiency and political graft, combined with lack of proper tools and frightening losses to tropical diseases, proved too much for them and they sold out to a second French group.

It wasn't until the Spanish-American War in 1898 that the need for a waterway was brought home to the American public. In 1899, President



McKinley appointed an Isthmian Canal Commission, which reported in favor of a Nicaragua route.

When the second French group learned of the Isthmian Canal Commission's report, it hired a New York lobbyist and lawyer, William Cromwell, to sell Congress on selecting Panama for a waterway and shortly thereafter, the Commission issued a report advocating the Panama route. The Spooner Bill authorized President Roosevelt to acquire rights and property to the French canal company for $40 million, but Colombia refused to ratify the Hay-Herran pact.

Even before the treaty had been submitted to the Colombian Government, a Cromwell-inspired story appeared in the *New York World* giving details about a forthcoming revolution in Panama, mentioning the exact date it would occur. Cromwell, together with Philippe Bunau-Varilla, French engineer and principal in the second French canal company, chose five employees of the Panama railroad company to incite the revolution.

The man chosen to be President of Panama was Dr. Manuel Amador, a physician employed by the Panamian railroad company. Dr. Amador visited the U.S. a few months before the scheduled uprising for a conference with Bunau-Varilla. Two months later he returned to Panama armed with a constitution, a proclamation of independence, $100,000 cash for bribes, and an already composed message to be sent back to Bunau-Varilla after the revolution, asking him to become the first Panamanian minister to the United States.

When Colombia learned of the scheme, it dispatched a gunboat with 400-500 troops to Colon, intending to quell the uprising. But President Roosevelt, invoking an 1846 treaty with Colombia that bound the U.S. to "protect the right of way or transit across the Isthmus of Panama," dispatched a cruiser with marines "to prevent the landing of any armed force with hostile intent."

With U.S. troops blocking the entrance to Panama from the sea Colombia was helpless. On Nov. 3, 1903, exactly as the *New York World* had predicted, the new republic declared its independence. Three days later, the United States accorded the new nation diplomatic recognition.

On Nov. 18, the U.S. signed a treaty with Panama (Hay-Bunau-Varilla

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Treaty) outlining terms for constructing the canal, and the following year the constitution—which had been written in the United States—went into effect and the country was launched on its independent way. Later, the U.S. negotiated a treaty with Colombia, agreeing to pay $25 million, in settlement of claims for use of Colombian property. In return, Colombia recognized the title to the Canal and railroad, and also recognized Panama as an independent nation.

Under the terms of the Hay-Bunau-Varilla Treaty the U.S. would possess and execute "as if it were the sovereign of the territory" control over the Canal to the "entire exclusion of the exercise by the Republic of Panama of any such sovereign rights, power, and authority." This ambiguous wording (especially the words "if it were") is the focal point of the present conflict.

The U.S. agreed to give the Panamanian government $10 million, and promised to pay it $250,000 a year. It should be noted that this was not a rental fee, but a guarantee by the U.S. Government to subsidize the Panamanian government. Later, under terms of a 1946-9 agreement (Hull-Alfaro Treaty) and a 1955 agreement (Eisenhower-Remon Treaty), the U.S. increased payments to Panama to $430,000 and then to $1,930,000 a year.

Communist interest in the Canal dates back to the early postwar period. In 1946, after Russia charged that American defense bases around the world were visible evidence of aggression, Alger Hiss—at that time head of the State Department's Office of Political Affairs—submitted to the UN a list of U.S. "occupied territories." His list included the Panama Canal Zone. Hiss's action was supported by Secretary of State Dean Acheson. Spruille Braden, Assistant Secretary of State for Latin America, objected to the designation and wrote: "I was infuriated by the stupidity—which I then thought it was—of putting the Panama Canal Zone in the category of occupied territories. But I did not realize its full significance as a play into Russian hands until after Hiss's other activities were exposed."

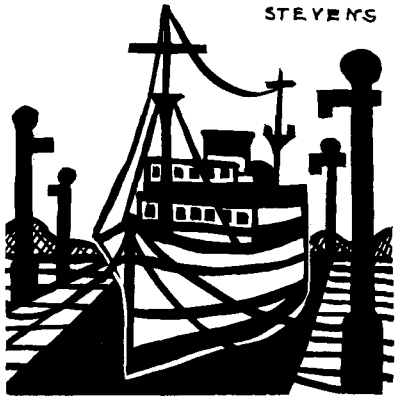
Zonians were considerably shook up last year when the State Department invited Abdel Hamid Abubakr, Secretary General of the Suez Canal Authority, to visit the Canal. And they were even more dismayed when, before a luncheon of engineers and other employees, the UAR spokesman enthusiastically described the Egyptian seizure of the Suez Canal in 1956.

Suez & Panama: the Difference

Suez and the UAR have more to do with Panama than might otherwise be thought. Shortly after Nasser seized the Suez Canal in 1956, the U.S. joined with Russia in demanding that it be internationalized by the UN. This move delighted the Communists, for they now argue that if Suez should have been internationalized, Panama should also be. But there is this critical distinction to be made: The Suez Canal was built by a private company on territory leased under contract from Egypt, providing revisionary rights to the Egyptian Government. The Panama Canal was built by the U.S. Government in a Zone in which the U.S. was empowered to govern in perpetuity as if it were sovereign.

It is true that in the past the U.S. *has* acted unwisely in imposing petty restrictions, which smack of second-class citizenship, on the approximately 10,000 Panamanians who work in the Zone.

The U.S. has removed the irritating and humiliating "gold" and "silver" lines, which required Panamanians to stand in separate queues to collect their pay. But there is more that can be done to improve U.S.-Panamanian relations while simultaneously protecting U.S. sovereignty.



As of now, private enterprise is forbidden in the Zone. The Panama Canal Co. and the Canal Zone government, both headed by the Governor, provide those goods and services which in the U.S. are furnished by private business. Common sense dictates that Panamanian merchants should be encouraged to establish shops and businesses in the Canal Zone. More Panamanian children should be allowed to attend Canal Zone schools. In addition, the U.S. can and probably should substantially raise the $1.9 million annual payment. It should make the Spanish language compulsory in Canal Zone schools. And Canal Zone tests for positions which do not require mastery of the English language should be printed in Spanish.

None of these concessions, however, is likely to quiet Panamanian demands for more.

It is true that the U.S. is studying the possibility of building a sea-level canal. Chances are that it will be built in the Darien Province of eastern Panama, where engineers can dig the canal with nuclear explosives in one-half the time of conventional construction at one-seventh the cost of conventional methods. If Congress decides on a new Canal, the current controversy over the Panama Canal will become meaningless. A new canal will require a new treaty, and it is unlikely that the U.S. will agree to a treaty whose language would ever leave room for doubt or whose terms were opposed to U.S. interests.

Until such time, however, the present canal remains a vital defense lifeline in the type of limited warfare military experts predict for the future. During the October 1962 blockade of Cuba, 26 U.S. warships went through in a twelve-hour period, underscoring the passageway's importance not only to the U.S. but to the entire free world.

In any event, the U.S. must not even consider abandoning the Panama Canal until such time as a new canal becomes operative—even if the defense of the Canal must be guaranteed by force. For the Panama Canal, no less than Berlin or Taiwan, is considered a barometer for measuring U.S. resolution—for measuring our determination to stand fast, or to pursue a policy solely because it is right and just, regardless of who may disagree.

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Principles and Heresies

The Attack On the Congress

FRANK S. MEYER

In recent weeks, an endemic concern of Liberalism has taken on epidemic proportions. Liberals have never liked the Congress. The Presidency, the bureaucracy, and more lately the Supreme Court, have been their chosen instruments. The Congress too often refuses to go along with their bright new schemes, or, if it goes along, does so only halfheartedly, scrutinizing too closely, enacting this and rejecting that, sticking a dozen monkey wrenches into the planners' well-oiled machinery. But, although Liberal disdain for the Congress is not new, the intensity of the attack today is creating a major political issue.

All legislative Powers herein granted shall be vested in a Congress of the United States, which shall consist of a Senate and House of Representatives. (Art. I, Sec. 1, Constitution of the United States)

As if a conductor had waved his baton, a swelling orchestra has taken up the theme. As I write, I have in front of me a column by Walter Lippmann, "Government Unworkable"; an article from the *New York Times Magazine*, "It Is The People Who Face the Test: They will Determine Whether the New President Can Overcome Standpattism in Congress"; an article from *Commentary*, "Non-Rule in America"; and an editorial from the *New York Times*, "Cobwebs in Congress"—and these are but a sampling of the many-voiced outcry.

Constitutional Barriers

Why this attack on the Congress? It is my opinion that it is not an ephemeral journalistic campaign or a reaction to the actions of the present Congress, but rather is a much more deep-going issue — an issue which can be understood only in the light of an analysis of the factors making up the constitutional crisis of these years.

They built well, those men of 1787. Thirty years of the Roosevelt revolution, double or more that time of incessant centralizing theory and pressure and propaganda—and still the constitutional barriers stand firm, if battered. They thwart the plans and ambitions of the acolytes of the streamlined state, where the Executive decides, the bureaucracy acts, and the blueprints of the Liberal ideologues are imposed upon the citizen.

The barriers have been penetrated, it is true; in area after area governmental measures alien to the constitutional tradition have prevailed, limiting our freedoms and weakening our posture before the world. But these are only bits and pieces of the Liberal Grand Design. The Design itself remains unimplemented. Free action for planners, operating uninhibited by the beliefs and desires of the men who are the objects of the plan (a state of affairs which is the prime necessity for collectivism, Liberal or Socialist or Communist), has never been achieved.

The entire constitutional structure has stood in the way: the multifarious local centers of power still, despite the growth of federal power, maintain a large measure of independence; the guarantees of the Bill of Rights, although evaded again and again, still continue to hobble the arrogance of office; the continuing independence of the state courts and the lower federal courts, despite the subservience of the Supreme Court, slow up and hamper the growth of centralized power. But the main impediment has been the Congress. Never since Franklin Roosevelt carried it by storm in the first flush of the New Deal has it been willing to rubber-stamp the projects of the Executive. Measure after measure has been rejected, transformed, cut down. And, as Willmoore Kendall has pointed out, the restraining influence of the Congress upon the progress of the Liberal revolution has been effective not only because of these actions, but because of the proposals the Executive would like to make but does not dare to, in view of "its certain foreknowledge of the impossibility of getting the proposals through Congress."

Why the Attack?

Why the intensification of the Liberal attack on Congress has occurred at just this time is not entirely clear. If I may hazard a speculation, I would say that there are several factors which have combined to bring it about:

1) The development of the "civil rights movement" has, for the first time since the days of the sit-down strikes in the thirties, presented the ideologues with a militant extra-legal mass movement which potentially could be used as a club to beat the Congress into submission.

2) The growth of a powerful and articulate conservative criticism has made them feel that time is short, that it is no longer possible to rely upon the passage of time for the steady attrition of constitutional understanding. This has sent a shock of alarm through the Liberal communion; it throws serious doubt upon their hitherto complacent assurance that they have complete control of the centers of power for an indefinite period, that therefore they can afford to wait for the cumulative results of slow and steady progress towards their goals, through the circumventing of Congress by the Executive and the Judiciary.

3) It has become predictable that, without the shackling of the Congress, the usurpation of legislative

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power by the President and the Supreme Court is likely to produce diminishing returns. In late years it has been mainly in areas related to foreign policy that the President has been able to exert such powers, and the Congress has shown its firm intention of riding herd on him here, as the recent gutting of the foreign aid bill shows. In other areas, the extreme exasperation of the Liberals with Kennedy before his death because he did not sufficiently "give leadership"—that is, blackmail the Congress strenuously enough—bears witness both to Kennedy's astute awareness of political possibilities and to the increasing intransigence of the Congress in the exercise of its legislative prerogatives. Johnson, who has to put his whole honeymoon prestige on the line to get over even the truncated foreign aid bill, is in the course of learning the same lesson.

As far as the Supreme Court is concerned, its forays over the past few years in the usurpation of legislative power have radically weakened its prestige as a constitutional organ respected by all factions—so radically that the time is fast approaching when the Congress could exercise its constitutional powers to clip the wings of the Court without the danger of deeply alienating its constituency. This, I believe, the Liberal analysts sense, although the Congress itself has as yet shown no serious signs of moving towards such action. The immense emotional and political pressure which is currently being generated around the Civil Rights Bill seems otherwise inexplicable. The Court, with the support of the Presidency, has till now been able quite effectively to carry through a similar program of drastic debilitation of the sovereignty of the states and of the rights of individual persons, for the aggrandizement of federal executive power and the imposition upon the citizenry of the blueprints of Liberal ideological dogma.

It is, in fact, the emotion created by the Civil Rights Bill upon which the Liberal ideologues are depending to forward their attack upon the Congress and the Constitution. (This is not to deny the right of Negroes to equal treatment and dignity before the law. But no clause in that bill is concerned with such old-fashioned American rights. They are concerned, rather, with federal enforcement of special group privileges.) Almost every section of the bill, as James Jackson Kilpatrick has lucidly demonstrated (*NR*, Sept. 24, 1963), is directed toward destroying the constitutional balance of power and centering control over the lives of citizens in the hands of the chosen instruments of Liberalism, the Executive and a subservient Supreme Judiciary.

While it is around the fate of this bill and in the penumbra of the passions generated by it that the present clamor against the Congress is arising, the attack is much more general. It is directed specifically at every aspect of the functioning of the Congress that enables it to act in the spirit of the Constitution as a creator of consensus. The doctrine that underlies these attacks is a doctrine alien to the Constitution, a doctrine impatient of consensus, demanding crushing of differences, of minority rights and customs. It is a majoritarian doctrine masquerading as American constitutional democracy. Its proponents would do away with the daily give-and-take of congressional ironing out of the conflicts of interest between diverse groups. They would substitute the uncontrolled power of a President elected with a specious quadrennial "mandate"—that is, supposedly executing the desires (if, indeed, they are the desires when one considers all the factors that go into a Presidential election) of 51 per cent or 52 per cent or 53 per cent—or even 55 per cent or 60 per cent—of the electorate.

Consensus and the Congress

Hence, the attack on the modes of procedure worked out over the years in consonance with the constitutional spirit of consensus: the committee system, seniority, the shifting coalitions of the Congress, the freedom of congressmen and senators from party discipline of the European style. The ideal image in which the Congress would be remodeled, if the pressures presently being exerted were to be successful, is one where an opposition party would still exist and discussion would still take place, but where, when the President spoke, a disciplined party majority in the Congress would more or less automatically implement his desires, with "all deliberate speed."

The Congressional Prerogative

When the *New York Times* writes: "The scandalous lag in the legislature is out in the open for all to see. Congress has a constitutional obligation to function as a legislature," it never seems to occur to its editors that refusal to pass a Presidential program is as much a legislative act as passing it. Indeed, the Congress might legislate even more effectively than it has so far done, in its resistance to Presidential directives, by further extending its negative legislation and repealing some of the legislation presently on the statute books. The superstition that has developed in recent years that Congress is somehow obligated to pass into law whatever the President proposes is a gross distortion of the President's minimal constitutional relation to legislation. Apart from his veto power, all the Constitution grants him in relation to legislation is the right "from time to time [to] give to the Congress Information of the State of the Union, and recommend to their Consideration such Measures as he shall judge necessary and expedient. . . ." (Art. II, Sec. 3). *Recommend* means *recommend*, not *demand*, not *pressure*, not *go to the people* to arouse demagogic pressures against the Congress. It means *recommend*, and no more. The first substantive words of the Constitution, Article I, Section 1, state explicitly: "All [*all!*] legislative Powers herein granted shall be vested in a Congress of the United States. . . ."

If Congress chooses to be a "do nothing" Congress—that is, if it chooses to reject Presidential proposals and to see no need for additional legislation, that is its prerogative. If it chooses so to organize itself as, in its opinion, best implements its constitutional duty of establishing consensus, that is its prerogative. And we may thank Heaven for the wisdom of the Founders who gave it its prerogative—and for the wisdom of the Congresses which have "done nothing" to fasten tighter the yoke of governmental power on our necks.

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Letter from the Continent

The Satellite Blues

E. v. KUEHNELT-LEDDIHN

It is easier for a man from East Berlin to visit Nakhota, near Vladivostok, than to take a stroll on the Kurfürstendamm. But it is also much simpler for the hapless denizen of the German Democratic Republic to spend his vacation in Sotchi, on the slopes of the Caucasus, or in Moscow, than for a Soviet citizen to visit Potsdam or to ski in the Harz mountains. It takes the average Russian a full year's bureaucratic preparation to visit most satellites—and a year and a half for a trip to Poland.

Kuehnelt-Leddihn

One reason for such restrictions is the trade balance between the satellite states and the USSR, which is most unfavorable to the latter. (The visitor from the USSR is stunned by the colossal satellite industrial output —from radio sets and bicycles to railroad cars, elevators, cranes, photographic material and textiles.) Another reason lies in the fear of "ideological infection"; this is especially great in the case of Poland whose language offers few difficulties to Russians. Life is better even in the thoroughly incorporated Baltic states than in the *old* Soviet Union; they came to the blessings of Soviet rule later in their history and consequently still have some spiritual and material reserves to draw on despite an intensive drive by Russian authorities to denationalize them.

Travel to the West (with the exception of Cuba) or even to Yugoslavia poses an almost insoluble problem for Soviet citizens. It is all the more interesting, therefore, that some of the satellite nations are loosening travel restrictions not only for incoming foreigners but also for their own citizens. Many Hungarians (though by no means all) can now travel to Austria and men who once owned castles in Czechoslovakia, and are now living in exile in Vienna, can wander across the border to look, with melancholy eyes, upon the decay of their former properties.

The men and women of the "Peoples' Democracies," as they look into the future, feel a mixture of gloom and bitterness. Around them they observe the decay of old values, the decomposition of their traditions and their beliefs, the steady growth of an intellectual and spiritual vacuum. Among the young, religion is receding. In 1956 children of high school age fought the Russians energetically, bitterly, heroically, but their resistance was not dictated by religious or traditionalist sentiments. In many ways this was the revenge a youthful generation, deprived of moral values, took upon its seducers. In this connection, I remember how bitterly opposed to Christianity were two representatives of an underground movement I met in Eastern Europe last summer. "It preaches forgiveness," they told me, "what we really need is killers who give no quarter."

Look to 1918

Anti-Communism in the satellites is flavored with strong anti-Russian feelings, especially in Poland and Hungary where an anti-Russian tradition goes way back. Ethnic groups in Czechoslovakia and Yugoslavia, both synthetic nations without a history, arbitrarily created by Western politicians and professors, accuse each other of "representing Communism," using the phrase as an epithet. Hungarians living in Rumania rightly or wrongly consider the Rumanians to be "real Communists"; the Slovaks are convinced that Communism has struck much deeper roots in Bohemia-Moravia than in Slovakia (which is difficult to deny); Croats regard the Serbs as their oppressors, ethnically and politically. Americans and West Europeans tend to forget that what eastern Central Europe suffers from basically are the artificial boundaries imposed on it in 1918. Its resulting weaknesses have been exploited by Germans and Russians alike.

Indeed, the West's record toward eastern Central Europe is so poor that is really surprising to find even a trace of hope remaining east of the Iron Curtain, that liberation will be brought about by the Free World.

Betrayals by the West

The Czechs, the Serbs, and the Rumanians, who incidentally owe their artificial ascendancy in the period between the two wars to the Western democracies, feel that they have been betrayed again and again: Munich, Western indifference at the time of Mikhailovitch's execution; Churchill's cynicism in regard to the entire area. The Hungarians were sold down the river in 1919, in 1945, and in 1956. The Poles were denied workable borders in 1919; they were betrayed by London no less than by Washington in 1944-45. The Bulgars twice got the short end of the stick. Of course, they had twice been in the German camp, but who except the Germans listened to their just grievances?

The West as a whole is tremendously envied and held up as a social and economic example. There is even an ardent desire among the enslaved nations to join the West in a huge, all-European federation (to which de Gaulle would like to add a liberated Russia). But there is no love for the West, no moral admiration, no respect. Envy, yes. But respect? Or trust? Those Eastern Europeans who still yearn for liberty after the bitter lessons of the last quarter century, expect the end of their sufferings and humiliations to come through a general holocaust, and not from Western aid; from a war or major revolution in which all of Eastern Europe will be involved, and not from peace and coexistence. This is why it is doubtful that our fervent prayers for peace find a genuine echo in the hearts east of the brick walls, the barbed wire fences and the mine fields that separate our worlds.

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From the Academy

RUSSELL KIRK

Colleges and Public Decency

For the past year, newspapers and magazines have made much of the fuss about loose sexual conduct on American campuses—and what, or what not, college authorities ought to do about it all. Dr. Sarah Blanding, president (then) of Vassar College, has as much to do with this discussion as anyone: for, in a courageous and sensible statement, she announced that she did not intend to tolerate loose living at her college. Ever since Miss Blanding took her stand, the zealots of "disintegrated Liberalism" have been crying up the virtues of sexual license, and college authorities have felt it necessary to issue *pronunciamentos* of one sort or another.

Kirk

Well, your servant is devoting this page not to an analysis of the degree of promiscuity on American campuses, but rather to a brief examination of the proper role of college officials in supervising the personal conduct, including the sexual behavior, of their students. Several college deans and professors have acted and spoken soundly in this matter, but the public discussion remains confused.

Time was when, at nearly all American colleges, the authorities probably were imprudently fussy about overseeing the moral welfare of undergraduates. They carried the doctrine of *in loco parentis* further than it was exercised in the medieval universities where it originated. Necessarily, colleges which enroll young people between the age of sixteen and twenty-two substitute in some degree for parents; but it can become presumptuous and self-defeating to carry such supervision beyond essentials.

The latter-day disintegrated-Liberal attitude of many college authorities is sufficiently represented by Dr. Sutherland Miller Jr., director of the Columbia College Student Counseling Service. This gentleman doesn't worry overmuch about "premarital sexual intercourse": for some it's good, for some it isn't; live and let live. According to a report in the *New York Times*, Mr. Miller believes that Columbia students are sexually immature. Few of them, alas, are "taking advantage of Columbia's new policy allowing women visitors in dormitory rooms on alternate Sunday afternoons." To quote Dr. Miller directly, "There was no great rush to use the plan once it was instituted. I felt that this was in part a reflection of the fact that a number of students are not very eager and ready for heterosexual experience."

To judge by these remarks, Columbia College doesn't expect dorm-visiting to be merely for Sunday afternoon tea: it's splendid opportunity for heterosexual experience. What a pity that immature students actually seem to prefer books, some of them!

Lotharios Object

At Harvard, Dean John U. Monro has more of an eye for order. He was fantastically assailed in the pages of the *Harvard Crimson* as a prurient Puritan for objecting to wild parties and sexual intercourse in Harvard dormitories. A pleasant privilege of dormitory-visiting, Dean Monro pointed out, had degenerated into tasteless license; and he proposed to institute some checks.

Now much of the controversy over these rather disagreeable questions has centered round this point: is the American college meant to decree the morals and to form the character of young people? As a matter of fact, the American college *has*, from the beginning, been meant precisely for such purposes—in part. One might wish that the average American college student were more mature in character, less childish when confronting temptations, more interested in studies and less in campus fun-and-games. But, being the coddled darling that he is, the average American collegian needs considerable quasi-parental supervision, in college, if only to keep him sober and energetic enough to attend class once in a while.

A more important point than this question of *in loco parentis*, however, seems to be ignored by many who write about "college sex." After all, there are vessels for dishonor, and no amount of college supervision is going to prevent many young people from making fools of themselves, if they be bent upon folly. The greater point at issue is this: have college administrators a right to preserve decency on the campus?

A great many students at Columbia or Harvard, really—perhaps the majority—are decent people who have enrolled to learn something or other. They aren't alcoholics or satyrs. They might even enjoy a little quiet in which to read a book, or converse. Decent people, too, have their rights: particularly the right not to have to endure a nuisance and a stench. If young people prefer the atmosphere of a sporting-house, let them go thither—and leave the dormitories of Columbia and Harvard to these horrible prigs who actually still believe, after their reactionary fashion, that a college is a place of learning and meditation.

Judge Jennie Loitman Barron, of Massachusetts, writing in the current issue of the *Ladies' Home Journal*, summarizes this whole controversy ably. Most young people, she points out, really want some known rules by which to live—a measure of protection, even in college. "At one college," Judge Barron observes, "coeds objected to a planned cancelation of the curfew hour; it helped them break away from their dates and from the 'obligatory kissing.'"

The dean isn't daddy. But if the dean has backbone enough to keep a dormitory from resembling a New Orleans honky-tonk of yesteryear, he deserves the applause of all students who can distinguish between a home and a house of ill repute.

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The Seven-Year Shaman

HUGH KENNER

The poems (shall we say?) that agitated our fathers? That invented our world. If they now seem always to have existed in it, they always have.

Streets that follow like a tedious argument
Of insidious intent
To lead you to an overwhelming question . . .

These words, first joined more than fifty years ago, do not make a statement about the streets, nor about the feelings of the speaker. They make no statement at all. They invest, rather, that zone of consciousness, prior to analysis, where speaker and streets are indistinguishable from one another: before the mind has said "I" (separating an element called myself from the continuum of experience) or said "street" or "sky" or "fog" (separating other elements from that continuum).

The minute you start to *say* rather than *feel* you are embarked on separations of that kind; when your statement has gotten no further than "I feel . . ." it has already provided two elements where before there was one feeling. To have so defeated the analytic power of language is (to go no further) a considerable triumph. It is done, in these three lines, letting cadence lead syntax, and by blurring the senses of "follow" and "lead." The result is finely cadenced near-nonsense, enough like sense to possess a talisman's magical powers. (Music is also magical nonsense; so is a picture, which persuades us we see a face gazing through paint.)

Collected Poems 1909-1962, by T. S. Eliot. **Harcourt, $5.00**

All practical thought (John Locke said) entails our habit of making separations. All psychic growth (Wordsworth implied) entails the ability to suspend that habit, and control the practice of suspending it, while

Whispering lunar incantations
Dissolve the floors of memory
And all its clear relations,
Its divisions and precisions.

Indeed Wordsworth is our first specialist in majestically cadenced not-quite-sense.

By Matthew Arnold's time it had grown almost clear, in the teeth of a long rationalist tradition extending from Locke to Bentham, that the practical mind took its nourishment in the intervals of not being practical. Hence poetry, which since Homer had done nothing but nourish the mind, had turned to the evocation of holiday-moods, dream-states, excursions into a chromatic past: *The Scholar-Gypsy, La Belle Dame Sans Merci, The Idylls of the King.* It had grown customary, after Mill and Arnold, to refer to Wordsworth's "healing power."

**T. S. Eliot: ". . . *the cathartic utterance of an age*"

And the young Eliot—heir to a poetic tradition which encouraged fooling around—took what he had no way of knowing was to be a decisive step. He applied Wordsworth's poetic procedures—their evasions, their deliberate blurs of syntax, their odd meditative substantialities—not to weekend Nature nor to some chimerical "organic community" but to the world itself of cities, streets, flats, offices in which our practical affairs are all transacted. St. Louis, Boston, London lent details to a cityscape of the mind, for the first time as substantial, as intimate, as Wordsworth's heaths and moors.

He had done this, in *Prufrock*, at twenty-two. He was soon to have second thoughts; by twenty-eight he was doing something quite different, polishing deft little satiric vignettes; there would have been, in 1916, every reason to expect that the handsome, clever young man with the feline intelligence would make some mark as a writer of *vers de société*, with somewhere back among his juvenilia that single long anomalous poem.

What happened instead we know: *Gerontion, The Waste Land, The Hollow Men*: the cathartic utterance of an age, shaped from the stuff of *Prufrock* by some mysterious process over which the method of the satiric vignettes had no noticeable control. For the mind of Europe (a metaphor he himself presciently coined, in 1917) needed in a great sickness—perhaps its principal spiritual crisis since the Renaissance—not so much "healing power" as some more potent magic, a witch-doctor's, perhaps: and the scion of the Harvard and St. Louis Eliots was called, improbably, into greatness by the occasion.

He was, for some seven years, for three or four major poems (two dozen sheets of typing paper: spells are concentrated) the principal mod-

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Books Abroad

● SHAKESPEARE: The 400th anniversary of Shakespeare's birth, still five months away, has already produced two biographies and a Carl Dolmetsch recording of 'Music of Shakespeare's Time' for HMV. Best news so far is the Theatre Festival in London next spring: the Comédie Française (Molière); West Berlin's Schiller Theatre (Max Frisch); Peppino de Filippo of Naples (in one of his own inimitable farces); Dublin's Abbey Theatre (Sean O'Casey); the Polish Contemporary Theatre (Brecht); the Greek Arts Theatre (Aristophanes); and the Moscow Arts Theatre.

● TEILHARD DE CHARDIN: The task of deciding whether he was a great genius or one who happened to reflect in acceptable form the manias of his age, requires civilized scepticism: the ability to delay decision until the evidence has been thoroughly examined and digested. Among those fitted to hold opinion there seems to be fairly general agreement that his theological views are capable of unorthodox interpretation and need to be treated with great caution. But outside this area there is wide variety of opinion, ranging from Prof. P. B. Medawar in the English philosophical journal *Mind:* "nonsense, tricked out by a variety of tedio s metaphysical conceits"—to the *Times Literary Supplement* reviewer who claimed that Teilhard was a great pioneer: "The pioneers cut their way through the dense undergrowth; they grope, and must be allowed their freedom to err."

● BREVIORA: *One Fat Englishman* by Kingsley Amis (Gollancz, London) is about an English publisher (a skunk) and the dullness of American university life. Critics agree that it is sometimes very funny. . . . Constantine FitzGibbon writing in the *London Observer* about *The Reichstag Fire* by Fritz Tobias says: "Herr Tobias fails to convince this reader that the Nazis did not know that he [van der Lubbe] was going to fire the Reichstag: more important, he has similarly failed to convince the more responsible German historians. . . ."

ern example of the shaman-poet, shaking with a civilization's fever and confronting its demons with his incantations. Perhaps only Baudelaire had preceded him in that dark role: a role neither man sought.

It is not had with seeking, and there is nothing coy in Eliot's frequent disavowals of willed participation. He has compared the poet's mind (his own) to a shred of platinum, catalyzing processes into whose force it does not enter; he has spoken of the poem as a thing that possesses the poet until he can be rid of it by perfecting it. These analogies annoy young seekers who expect to be told how to be poets. They describe exactly (we must believe) a thing that happened to Eliot during seven years before 1925, after which he was never the same man again.

Some resonance, we must surmise, between his private torsions and the agony of a Europe wondering what to do with its past underlay that strange story. It is clear that the poems, with their drowned women, broken columns, and unpersuadable eyes, tremble with private happenings we can never reconstruct, and affirm public symbols so overt we feel no need of private clues. What is that drowned woman but all that the heart of Europe has held dear and longs to repudiate; what throbs beneath those grave cadences but the collective nightmare that moved Picasso fifteen years later to the frozen hysteria of the *Guernica*? So a burning match may twist as though dancing. So Philomel, in *The Waste Land*'s own analogy, ordered the passions of men with song sprung out of her impotent effort to tell what had happened to her.

Macrocosmic and microcosmic agonies joined: and by good fortune, in a mind as fine as a distinguished American family could generate of Josiah Royce's Harvard shape, with, at its disposal, a set of technical entrepreneurings remembered from university days. By still greater fortune, the techniques with which he had worked lent him access to a whole tradition's gamut of effects, the better to construct his shaman's echo-chamber.

The fine mind, and the technical fastidiousness, survived; if after *Fragment of an Agon* he is never again the shaman, he is still a scrupulous innovator, a moral example, a cunning craftsman. And the late poetry looks back to the earlier: it flows from, and circles round, and meditates on, his seven years as medium and ventriloquist, meditating the quasi-religious connotations of the role he had been called on to play, and the state of a world fortunate enough to have secular arts to minister to its sanity, but unaware of other dimensions of salvation.

And the *Four Quartets,* conceived when one more war was sending through the sick world one more convulsion, repeat as by confident ritual the spell, scrupulously repeating four times over the structure of *The Waste Land* with an impassioned lucidity that recollects, reprises, the import of his strangely efficacious *oeuvre* and of his own, no longer abashed, relation to it.

The 75th birthday reprinting of all the poems is itself a ritual act; they are deservedly institutionalized now, so much so that apparently no one has proofread, for instance, *Dans le Restaurant* since a printer last garbled its 11th line in 1925. (On the other hand, the line-count in *The Waste Land* has at last been set right.) They partake, in fact, of the life of commerce; for whoever already has the *Complete Poems and Plays* must also acquire the present volume to obtain five additional minor poems, and whoever buys this volume will still need to go elsewhere for the plays. But publishers don't play these tricks except on avid buyers. That they are playing them here is a compliment to Mr. Eliot and his readers together: certifying his status as an active classic forty years after the time of his great ministration.

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The OK Novelists Today

ARVID SHULENBERGER

EVELYN WAUGH once remarked to a sensitive *New York Times* reporter that the best American novelist of the day was Erle Stanley Gardner. The reporter himself went into a state of literary shock, but readers possessing less refined sensibilities may have found something refreshing or even healthy in Mr. Waugh's sacrilegious judgment. Refreshing, because there is even today a notion surviving in the world that novels are intended for pleasure, and many readers have derived pleasure from Gardner; healthy, because there is also a belief current that novels ought to exemplify values without strain or self-consciousness—as do Gardner's yarns about the brave new California world.

The Creative Present, edited by Nona Balakian and Charles Simmons. Doubleday, $4.95

Fiction of the Forties, by Chester E. Eisinger. Chicago, $7.95

The books under review are studies of the Modern Novel, as distinct from current or popular fiction. From their pages one may estimate first what the Modern Novel is not: It is not science fiction, or detective fiction, or historical fiction. As a category it does not include many novels which have been effective outside literary circles, neither *The Fountainhead*, nor *Advise and Consent*, nor *The Caine Mutiny*. The Modern Novel has been called by other names—academic novel, thesis novel, experimentalist novel, self-conscious novel, stylistic novel, theoretical novel, coterie novel, unpopular or anti-popular novel. No one of these tags is adequate or quite fair; the novelists and their friends, moreover, would object promptly to any combination of them. Promptly and articulately; the novelists and their critics are above all articulate. The author of the Modern Novel could be called the Articulate Novelist. He stands ready to deliver a commentary on the craft of fiction in relation to existentialist thought, and to cite his own and classical fiction in support of his thesis.

The Creative Present is an interesting scissors-and-paste assemblage of ten essays by as many critics, each essay dealing with one or two or three present-day novelists. It can be a useful book for anyone who needs a fresh introduction to the rather unstable world of the currently swank, or even—to put the matter more fairly—for anyone who would like to acquaint himself with the major ideas in and about a certain kind of modern fiction. It can also be an amusing book for the rarer individual who has actually read the novelists discussed in it, and who may enjoy an imaginary dialogue with their critics. The essays have been assembled by two staff members of the *New York Times Book Review*, but not all of them are taken from the good gray *Review* itself.

The novelists dealt with include Baldwin, Bellow, Styron, Jones, Kerouac, Mailer, McCarthy, Welty, Malamud, Updike, Salinger, McCullers, and Capote. The critics include five literary journalists, four professors, and a quondam dean who is presently a foundation director. Most of the essays are written in praise of their subjects, barring of course the essay on J. D. Salinger—Salinger being the only novelist of stature who is nowadays a fashionable subject of attack. It is not really OK at present to praise Salinger, at all.

Of the essays in praise, Harvey Breit's paean to James Baldwin is the most tremulous. However considerable Mr. Baldwin's virtues as a novelist may be, one suspects from the sentimental treatment here that he is especially admirable for being a member of not one but two minority groups. His critic is indeed somewhat carried away: "There is nothing I can think of that James Baldwin is not aware of. . . . He is the only writer who has dealt with these painful

A piece of the action from Newsweek:

"A pinball destiny"

"It was as if Damon Runyon had written the last act of a tragedy by Sophocles. The most unlikely nemesis of all time was 52-year-old Jack Ruby, born Jack Leon Rubenstein, a 'street-smart' operator who togged out his fantasies in the Al Capone panoply of white-on-white shirts, triple-ringed hands, and snap-brim fedoras. Ruby, born to nothing in the ghetto of Chicago's West Side, ricocheted through a pinball destiny until he fell into place, master of the grubby revels for the bravos and backslappers of Dallas night life."

From a recent Newsweek story.
A glimpse of how we read these days.
Have you read Newsweek lately?

Newsweek

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things of Negro and white love and hate. He is the only writer who sees these questions whole and steadfastly and in all their interlockings and ramifications and permutations."

The élite among modern bureaucrats, those who have achieved the pinnacle of secret, irresponsible power in the intellectual world, are probably the directors of foundations —the unmagnificent Medicis of Bollingen, Ford, Guggenheim, and Rockefeller. It is an irony almost too heavy for Salinger's fiction, that the critic of Salinger in this collection should be a foundation director, Donald Barr. For Salinger's negative message to his large, loyal and scattered public is a simple one: he announces the Kierkegaardian principle that "anything official is bad," that men in their official capacities are phony, and (in Mr. Barr's words) that the "ultimate word in condemnation is 'phony.'" It is true on the other hand, as Mr. Barr points out in a well-researched essay, that Salinger's affirmative message of Christianity-*cum*-Zen is often fuzzy and sometimes pretentious. But Mr. Barr's study is mainly an attack on "Salinger as a publicity-hero," written in a style so heavily erudite and witty that foundation directors throughout America might set it up as a model of official erudition.

Granville Hicks and John Chamberlain have written the best essays in *The Creative Present*, the former on Malamud, Gold and Updike, the latter on Mary McCarthy [a portion of which was published in NATIONAL REVIEW, Oct. 22, 1963]. Mr. Hicks' style is utterly natural and unobtrusive and his remarks have about them an air of unhurried common sense. Mr. Chamberlain treats Miss McCarthy with the gallantry which her spirited femininity demands. He even makes fair sense of her work as "satire."

Chester Eisinger's *Fiction of the Forties* is a useful reference work; it will inevitably gravitate to the library-reserve shelves of provincial universities where students in modern fiction courses may consult it instead of wasting too much time on a lot of dull "primary source materials" (the novels themselves). Mr. Eisinger, professor of English at Purdue, appears to have read a greater quantity of modern fiction with enthusiasm and sympathy than has any other recent critic.

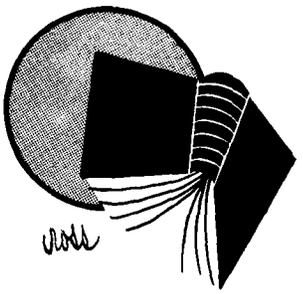
For the general reader, the book offers pages of occasional and perhaps nostalgic interest. The forties, for most persons who can remember those years, were the decade of the war; much less vividly they may have been what the author calls them—"the Age of Prose Fiction." In fiction they were still the years of Hemingway and Faulkner, although Hemingway published little and Faulkner's novels were dropping steadily out of print until Malcolm Cowley recovered them. They were also the years when canny young writers like Norman Mailer were constructing war stories modeled less on the war itself than on Dos Passos and Hemingway.

Mr. Eisinger discusses the war novel, naturalism, "the liberal reassessment," "the conservative imagination," "new fiction," and "the existential crisis." His prose is pedestrian and not pretentious. His own critical doctrine is apparently that of the classroom, that there is something to be said for every point of view. His sympathetic conclusions can be indirectly illuminating: "The imagination and the psychology of the new Liberal must quiver in a perpetual state of tentativeness, for there is no firm resting place for the eternally uncommitted mind." This is perhaps as good a characterization of, say, Lionel Trilling as even his dearest enemy could contrive. On "neo-conservatism" he is less than inspiring: "It will not entirely pass away; the conservative spirit never has. But it will be obedient to the same law of American cultural history as those other modes of thought." Mr. Eisinger emerges as the typical academic humanist, the sort of unconscious Hegelian who has hypostatized history itself into a lawgiver if not a Creator.

Integrity Beyond Conformity

A. H. HOBBS

How, in these days when we are beset by temptation, beguiled by moral relativism, and bemused by opportunities for wrongdoing which were unthought of by our forebears, can we fulfill our social and spiritual obligations and yet maintain our identity as individuals? In the earlier days of America a



pattern of moral imperatives was woven by our parents when we were children; it was reinforced in school by *McGuffey's Readers;* and it was reiterated in the novels we read. Right was right, and wrong wrong, and both were not only spelled out but underlined.

Passion and Social Constraint, by Ernest van den Haag. Stein and Day, $6.95

For those who are now released from earlier compulsions toward bovine conformity yet esthetically offended by alternatives such as the unbridled ego-shriek of beatnik cults, what now is an adequate guide? Beyond convention, beyond unexamined conformity, on what scale can we balance our self-desires for sex or power with the social need that we behave in a morally responsible way? In *Passion and Social Constraint*, Ernest van den Haag, a professor (New York University and the New School for Social Research) as well as a practicing psychoanalyst, makes a persuasive inquiry into the peculiarly modern aspects of this, man's perennial dilemma.

Even those who disagree with van den Haag's interpretation must, I think, admit that he has clearly focused on the main problem which confronts modern man. With rare judgment he explains why science cannot give us a measure for either happiness or despair, and he points up the limitations of utopian economic proposals: "Man's plight is not fully relieved by relieving misery; it is only freed from irrelevancies and more clearly defined."

Today's new man, who never had moral authority implanted into his

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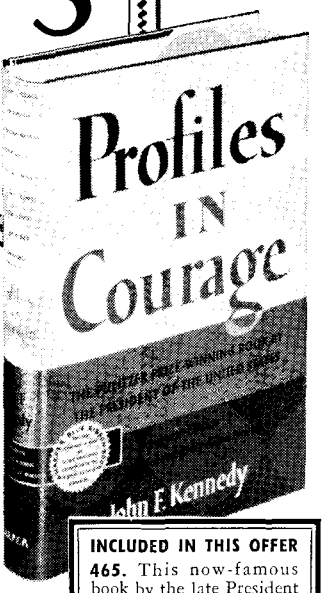

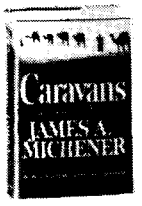

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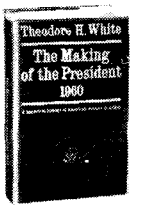

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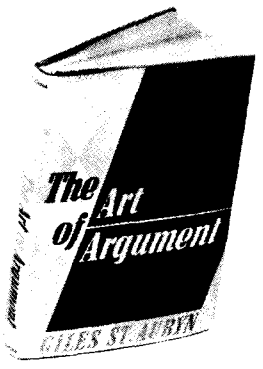

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mind as a child, can find only the externals of fulfillment through adjustment to his "coeval peer group." As an adult he cannot escape his dilemma by being a ritualistic Liberal who substitutes a fervid allegiance to politico-humanitarian programs for an inner urge to exercise personal responsibility. Undistracted by such sideshows, van den Haag keeps the spotlight on man, and especially beams it at his unconscious impulses, his passions. Unfortunately, the pedantic interpretation of society which he imposes to supplement his highly insightful view of man adds little to his portrayal, seeming to be patched onto, rather than woven into, his analysis. Mostly, though, his is a Freudian interpretation which stresses art not science, reason not dogma, and—most importantly—morality not adjustment.

Here there is room for disagreement without dissent. As the root metaphor for man, I'd prefer Plato's *Phaedrus* myth with its charioteer who makes a team of the dark nag of passion and the white steed of reason instead of Freud's attempt to visualize an Ego astride the two horses of Id and Superego. But, *Phaedrus* or Freud, we *can* change these metaphorical horses without losing the main stress, that the purpose of analysis is an effort to ". . . increase the patient's ability to choose—to choose with reflection and without compulsion—in short, to become morally responsible." In our society as well as in the clinic, today's man has a desperate need to face up to the difficult task of making moral choices with reflection but without compulsion.

Some, no doubt, will disagree with van den Haag's stress on personal moral responsibility; and, as the verse "I do not love thee Dr. Fell . . ." is sometimes cited to reveal the existence of unconscious mental processes, they may complain:

I'd suppress van den Haag's New Freud
He'll not permit us to avoid
The need to take our Superego
Every blasted place that Wego.

Dallas In Perspective

LEE CULLUM CLARK

SINCE NOVEMBER 22, Carol Estes Thometz' slender volume on the ruling elite of Dallas takes on far more significance than she ever intended. Conceived as a study in political sociology, these 100 or more pages give a lucid slant on a city much maligned these days.

The Decision-Makers: The Power Structure of Dallas, by Carol Estes Thometz. Southern Methodist University Press, $4.00

"Big D" began as a dry river crossing, developed as a railroad crossing, and grew to power because its people learned how to exploit this solitary physical asset. Through sheer spunk and enterprise a handful of strong-minded men raised a hustling financial center from the parched plains of north-central Texas. According to Mrs. Thometz, the current power structure in Dallas is based on 150 to 200 leaders with 55 top level men in the strata above and seven key leaders crowning the pyramid. She asserts that power is generalized among the most influential men, meaning that every leader makes decisions in all areas of civic concern. It's interesting to note that real power lies not with the mayor or elected officials of the City Council, but with the hard core of 25 top men who invariably run everything, and run it well. (Because of the painstakingly made plans of these crucial leaders, school integration came peacefully to Dallas a few years ago, while other Southern cities were racked with riots.)

The true value of the book—apart from sociological hypotheses, cogently supported it appears to us—lies in the astute descriptions of Dallas decision-makers. Who they are. How they operate. What they hold in common. The top leaders are usually businessmen, and highly successful at that. (The list of 67 leaders studied included five lawyers, one federal government official, and one educator. All the rest are businessmen.) This brand of leadership requires "yes and no" men who can commit their company's resources and employees at will and at once. Most of the deci-

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sion-makers seem to be self-made, probably because Dallas is a young city with very little "old wealth." For the same reasons of newness and dynamic growth there has never been a single entrenched family or company or individual in Dallas. "Team work" has always been the norm. As generations move along, of course, more men of inherited means are likely to move into positions of power.

These men are conservative, each following a businessman's philosophy of free enterprise. This seems to be the rule of Dallas' power hierarchy. No representative of labor, for instance, has ever been admitted to the inner circle, if even the outer. As some interviewees put it, laborites seem to lack "that quality of leadership" and unity of purpose that help a community prosper. It's been said more than once in the past few months that conservatism has gone to grotesque extremes in free-enterprising Dallas. To be sure, they've had their crackpots. And herein Dallas differs not at all from other American cities of a million people. It's significant, however, that according to this study, Dallas *leadership* has maintained enlightened, reasoned conservatism for quite a while.

The central point of *The Decision-Makers*: Dallas has achieved astonishing growth, honest city government, low taxes, economic prosperity, and cultural sophistication because government has been subsidized and energized by business. This study in political sociology has unwittingly come to the defense of a proud city badly in need of considered judgment.

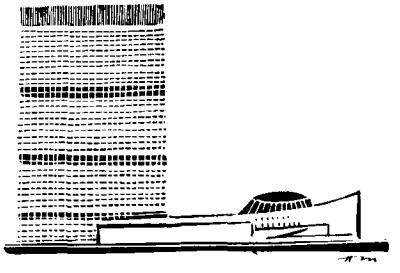
Architecture

Epitaph for the International Style

MARK UELAND

THE MODERN ARCHITECTURE of this day is far enough removed from what it wants to be, or what it claimed to be when it first grew up at the turn of the century, that one marvels it has come so far without provoking greater opposition. Perhaps there has always been unspoken opposition among those people who were obliged to test its validity—those people living in public housing, for example, or those working in mid-town Manhattan. But only recently has there been any significant split among architects themselves.

The established architects have for years considered themselves the rightful custodians of the modern movement. They inherited its leadership from the real pioneers: Sullivan and Wright in this country; Behrens, Loos, and Perret in Europe; and have ruled architecture under the title *Congrès International d'Architecture Moderne*. In their hands the work of the pioneers took on new and unexpected meanings. Whereas in 1910 Adolf Loos had cautioned against allowing the new architecture to degenerate into an applied style, after he and others had battled hard to free it from the dominion of the nineteenth-century Ecole des Beaux Arts, the new generation set about preaching the necessity of a "universal architectural language." National differences in temperament and ideals, climates, raw materials, habits and history were all neglected in the new buildings going up in every part of the Western world, so anxious were the leaders to usher in a new cultural era extolling the sameness of all peoples. In time their efforts led to a characteristic way of



building we know as the "international style," epitomized in the UN buildings in New York.

In itself, the "international style" was a striking misreading of the original principles. The innovators of the modern architecture had earned for architects the right to measure each new building according to its own distinctive needs and in this way to express its unique-

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ness. If architects had honored this principle, an "international style" would have been out of the question; if buildings had been designed with close attention to climatic factors, for example, a building in the tropics would look nothing like a building in North America, or if the nature of the intended human activity had been considered, an office building would never look like an apartment house.

Inspiration for the distortion of modern architecture was provided by Walter Gropius and his experimental school in Germany, the Bauhaus. Their chief obsession was to effect a close union between building methods and the industrial process. This they were to achieve to a certain extent, but only at the expense of neglecting the essential architecture. They allowed the logic of standardization to seize their imagination with such tenacity that only the most mechanistic forms survived. And it mattered very little that their buildings took on a lifeless, impersonal aspect with enough monotonous repetition of curtain-wall panels to all but extinguish the essential differences between buildings.

Gropius and his followers were embarrassed for the late Frank Lloyd Wright when he spoke of an "American architecture." A truly antique idea, they thought, in an age of United Nations and "international style." What they failed to realize, or ignored, was that Wright was not simply expressing his patriotism. but calling for an architecture that knew its own time and place so well that it might become an organic part of the environment—something his critics never achieved.

These were the men who felt private ownership of land to be the major obstacle in the planning of cities. Without the unpredictable behavior of private owners to impede them they might exercise closer control over the "orderly development of our cities." They cling to this attitude in spite of the manifest failure of designers to provide a vital, humane environment in countries where private ownership is not a problem. The sensibility that is so deeply offended by the "disorder" of a heterogeneous urban landscape is of the kind that will insist that buildings match one another the way the wallpaper must match the chintz curtains. If the architectural charac-

A piece of the action from Newsweek:

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ter of the city is so precious that it may be spoiled by a few original and unfamiliar works, it seems hardly worth an effort to sustain it.

In the schools of architecture in this country and abroad, the guardians of modern architecture found their natural habitat. The schools provided them with a platform and a captive audience—a rare opportunity to spread the influence of the universal doctrine. Not always content to leave matters to chance, they often exacted strict obedience to their principles. At Harvard's Graduate School of Design, perhaps as influential as any American school, students who resisted were urged to leave the school.

"Thus ever works the pallid academic mind, denying the real, exalting the fictitious and false," said Louis Sullivan, and architects are finding it no less true today than it was in Sullivan's time. Disillusioned by the inhuman complexion of the modern city, some of them are intent upon finding a new image for the old ideal: an architecture that would respect the vagaries of human nature instead of destroying them; an architecture that might evoke the spirit of man's activities instead of simply enclosing them; an architecture so intimately related to the environment that it might "flicker with the spirit of place," in D. H. Lawrence's expression.

BOOKS IN BRIEF

THE WINDS OF REVOLUTION: *Latin America Today—And Tomorrow*, by Tad Szulc (Praeger, $5.95). Here comes the *New York Times* again, and on a familiar subject. This time around they kept Herbert Matthews at home, and in his stead sent Tad Szulc gamboling about Latin America for six years. Having now digested his notes, he presents us with some impressive facts and specious arguments in support of his implied thesis that the only possible future for our neighbors to the South lies with the democratic Left. Plagued by the inherent contradictions of Latin American society, rising statistics, and vicious circles (*e.g.*, the area needs more industry, industry dumps waste into water supplies, people get sick, etc.), the possibilities for chaos south of the border are enormous. The Alliance for Progress hasn't worked, Szulc tells us, because Latin Americans haven't identified with it *politically;* military juntas, by definition, are *Bad Things;* the Communists keep stirring up trouble, especially since Fidel betrayed his revolution; and the winds of social revolution blow ever stronger. Nobody has yet suggested a genuine way out. But Szulc is hopeful that the forces now at work will eventuate in a synthesis—neither Communist nor wholly democratic in Western terms. The Liberals have offered that solution before, and it's getting rather breezy. R. D. MACKENZIE

MERCHANTS MAKE HISTORY, by Ernst Samhaber, translated by E. Osers (John Day, $6.95). It would be foolish to deny that good mercantile history can be written by a merchant, or that there is a need for a comprehensive history of trade and the influence of trade upon history. Such a study would be based upon monographs such as Strandes' *The Portuguese Period in East Africa*—itself the classic case of mercantile history by a merchant—and Leemans' *Foreign Trade in the Old Babylonian Period*, and upon selections of texts like Lopez and Raymond's *Medieval Trade in the Mediterranean World*, if not on the manuscript sources themselves. Unfortunately, the author of *Merchants Make History* has neither turned his own local knowledge to good use in a limited monograph, as Strandes did, nor written an interpretive essay in the manner of, say, Ashton's *Industrial Revolution*, nor yet compiled a full chronological account of his chosen subject. What he has done, is give an anecdotal, albeit pleasantly illustrated, account, verging toward completeness in the history of John Parish of Hamburg in the 1790's (10 pages), but dismissing Mesopotamian and Anatolian trade in the pre-Phoenician period in one dubious sentence, neglecting the expansion of mediaeval English Icelandic trade (with its important effect on Anglo-Hanseatic relations), neglecting Dark Age trade, skirting the issue of the Newfoundland fisheries through four pages, overlooking intra-American commerce, and so on. There are some highly misleading statements that have very little to do with trade (*i.e.*, that the Western provinces of the Roman Empire were more important than the Eastern provinces in the 2d Century A.D.); and there is, at the end, as though to make up for the lack of interpretation before, a highly partisan attempt to make history the handmaid of dogma ("The merchant, now as ever, stands for freedom") —which, as Maitland pointed out, means she will soon cease to be history. J. C. LOBDELL

THE BEACH OF FALESA, by Dylan Thomas (Stein and Day, $3.95). A lively entertainment, in the form of a screen play, about that singular modern syndrome: the escape to the South Seas island. Thomas knew all the particulars of his cliché: the idyllic isle perfumed with the scent of wild lime, a neurotic hero on the lam from London's pressures, a half-caste native maiden with dark, liquescent eyes and hibiscus blossom perched behind her ear, a gigantic and mysterious Negro, a guzzling old grog-pot of a villain, a well-made selection of civilization's stalwarts—bums and remittance men out to steal the natives' copra. The literary models are inlaid: a framework built by R. L. Stevenson, a Conradian heart of darkness, a glance at the white magic and solemn music of *The Tempest*. Hero conquers drink and fells the evil witch doctor, but not before discovering at the heart of the South Seas Dream a sweetly rotten pomegranate covered with flies. Scenarist Thomas delighted in ideogrammic juxtapositions; beneath the breadfruit trees, copies of *The Home Doctor, The Ready Reckoner* and the Bible; an English trading post crammed with tinned pork, cough drops and marbles; an ornate Victorian motto in a native hut. The parody is a bit thick at times, but the whole glows with the gaiety of a Welsh hwyl in Polynesian dialect, and more often than not Thomas startled life out of the setting with prose as warm as the violent, smoky colors of Gauguin.

R. BEMIS

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To the Editor

South Africa

Your recent editorial on South Africa [Dec. 31] was badly needed. Not enough conservatives are informed on conditions in that country, which is the only one of the entire continent of Africa on whose friendship the U.S. can depend.

One would have thought after Algeria and Katanga the right wing would have realized that the liquidation of South Africa would leave the West without any power base in Africa whatsoever. Yet despite the frenzied attacks of the Left on the pro-Western South African government, our ally in two world wars, and on Southern Rhodesia as well, most conservatives tend to ignore the whole situation. Even NATIONAL REVIEW has not reported the African situation as well as it might have done.

What do we need to make us wake up to the threat in that area, another Cuba?

Woodhaven, N.Y. ERNEST KNIPPENBERG

Latin America

Those of us deeply concerned by our country's continuing loss of opportunities in Latin America cannot help looking carefully at Mr. Dulles' apologies for military dictatorships in Latin America [Jan. 14]. It appears Mr. Dulles would set aside certain basic principles to achieve pragmatic, short-term results.

The real underlying causes of Latin American political instability are not to be found in the last decades but in the Hispanic beliefs, systems, and institutions implanted there more than four centuries ago. The average Latin American's acceptance of the most absolute sort of Big Government, his subjection before it, and his half-hearted pleas for government intervention in every phase of human activity, go far beyond the wildest New Dealer's dreams. There has never existed any tradition of true self-government in areas of economic importance, nor any true separation of judicial from legislative and administrative powers. The Roman and Napoleonic legal systems throughout Latin America, incredibly detailed yet totally lacking the built-in capacity for gradual evolution and the constitutional checks and balances which characterize Anglo-Saxon law, have done much to breed public disrespect for both law and property. Latin America has never known the clear-cut system of individual moral and financial responsibility which has been the bulwark of Anglo-Saxon countries in every crisis.

For too long the word "reformer," with some reason, has been anathema to conservatives. There is an increasing tendency in America to mouth empty sarcasms instead of confronting hard realities. If our country is to continue being bled to capitalize and develop Latin America, basic thinking must be done about means to influence the reform of Latin America's system as well as our own.

Houston, Tex. CHARLES E. STOKES JR.

I believe it useful and necessary to make some comments about the article on Uruguay entitled "So It Goes," which appeared on page 566 of your issue of December 31, 1963, under the signature of Robert Peter.

Fortunately, my country has faith in its democratic system. The use of the term "democratic freedom" in quotes thus seems unwarranted. Our modern history, for those who know it, is an example of political stability and of the exercise of true democracy. Complete freedom of expression, which we believe to be a key point in democratic faith, does not mean patient endurance of subversive activities which have been and shall be punished in accordance with the provisions of our Constitution and our laws. You can rest assured, Mr. Editor, that if the facts mentioned in the article you publish are true all necessary measures will be taken. It may be useful to remind your writer that to suppose that democracy and weakness are synonymous is one of the most dangerous disbeliefs in democracy itself, in its values and virtues.

Washington, D.C. JUAN FELIPE YRIART
Ambassador

Too Randomly Noted

Regarding a statement in your column, "Random Notes" [Jan. 14], the Ford Foundation is not financing college hootenannies. You were perhaps thinking of some college musical shows conducted by the Ford Motor Company. The two organizations are entirely separate.

We would appreciate your calling this to the immediate attention of your readers.

New York, N.Y. RICHARD MAGAT
Ford Foundation

In regard to "Random Notes" [Jan. 14], I find "Art & Ideology" of particular interest. Quite apart from Mr. Dunn's dynamic and lucid response—I find it rather odd that Dick Gregory should complain to CBS-TV about

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the show *Ben Casey*, a program which is aired by the American Broadcasting Company. It disturbs me further that an official of the Columbia Broadcasting System should answer him. But then that's Dick Gregory, or is it NATIONAL REVIEW?

Western Springs, Ill. MARK RHOADS

Gremlins?

End-of-term gremlins must have got at *NR*'s last two issues. Dec. 31: Garry Wills attributes Gratiano's speech in Act I of *The Merchant of Venice* to *Macbeth*. Jan. 14: Eisenstein's biographer is Marie Seton, not Sexton. And (should auld acquaintance be forgot?) it's Harold, not Howard, Stassen!

Pittsburgh, Pa. JARED BRADLEY

I have noted in "Focus on Nov. 3" the fiendishly clever ruse to which Harold Stassen has resorted, *i.e.*, changing his name to Howard, no doubt in the hope that he will slip by the delegates unnoticed and land the nomination in somebody's convention. . . .

Moline, Ill. WILLIAM C. ROSBOROUGH

Tsk, tsk, the name is *Harold* Stassen not *Howard*.

Berkeley, Calif. OTTO T. BIERWAGEN

Gratiano it is. Seton it is. But Harold *Stassen—no, it can't be.* —ED.

Russell Con and Pro

Blast Francis Russell [Dec. 31]! How dare he write about Christmas carols when he doesn't even have the wit to name them accurately? As even a rod-educated schoolchild could readily advise this ponderous fellow, there are twelve days of Christmas in the carol, not ten. He compounds this infamy by his later list of the "familiar carols," wherein he includes *We Three Kings of Orient Are* and

SOLUTION TO LAST WEEK'S
TRANS-O-GRAM (Jan. 28, 1964)

A(mbrose) Bierce:
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Star of Wonder. The latter title refers, doubtless, to the chorus line of *We Three Kings*. If there is a separate—and well-known—carol by that title I will lift my personal interdict on NATIONAL REVIEW's ever publishing anything by Francis Russell again.

Minneapolis, Minn. FRANZ GRUBER

Please, who is this Francis Russell who speaks so knowingly of Boston at Christmas? I know he used specific examples only to create a mood, but as a newcomer to the area I enjoyed his article and shared his opinions.

Boston, Mass. MARY LOUISE CARNEY

Davis Was Here

In your Jan. 14 issue you speculated that Mr. Robert Morris may have as his opponent in the Texas senatorial race Mr. George Bush. Please be informed that Milton V. Davis, M.D., was the first to announce for the Republican primary for this position, therefore the others must be running against him.

Floresville, Tex. SAM A. NIXON, M.D.

The Great Kreuttner

Kudos, once more, to your incomparable Mr. Kreuttner. His "Middle-of-the-Road" cartoon [Jan. 14] is a veritable collector's item. Please, please, tell me what's being done with the original of this drawing. Where will it repose? Is it available for sale?

Mercury, Nev. ABRAHAM GLICKSMAN

The originals of Mr. Kreuttner's cartoons are returned to Kreuttner, who has been known to autograph them and send them to his fans. —ED.

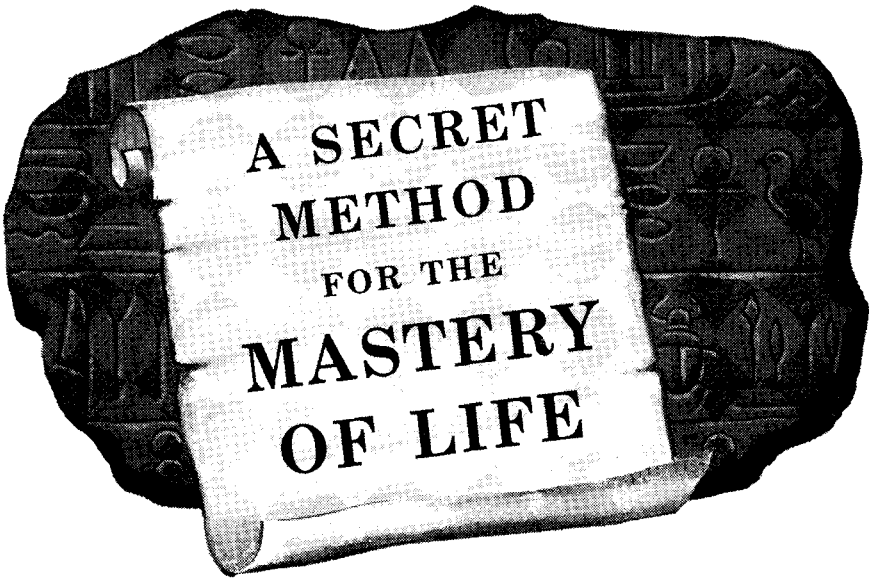
Presidential Incapacity

Presidential succession, although highly important at this time, has laws to cover it whether we like them or not; but Presidential unfitness (of which we have had two serious cases, Garfield dying from an assassin's bullet, and Wilson, incapacitated by a cerebral hemorrhage) is more important, since we have no laws to cover it at all.

Your readers may be interested in this story about President Wilson's incapacity to discharge the duties of office, which has never been in print. It is first-hand, told to me by the late Senator George H. Moses, and I wrote it up at once, privately, in order to preserve the facts.

After Wilson's collapse in Colorado

Knowledge That Has Endured With The Pyramids



WHENCE came the knowledge that built the Pyramids and the mighty Temples of the Pharaohs? Civilization began in the Nile Valley centuries ago. Where did its first builders acquire their astounding wisdom that started man on his upward climb? Beginning with naught they overcame nature's forces and gave the world its first sciences and arts. Did their knowledge come from a race now submerged beneath the sea, or were they touched with Infinite inspiration? From what concealed source came the wisdom that produced such characters as Amenhotep IV, Leonardo da Vinci, Isaac Newton, and a host of others?

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A FEW COPIES REMAIN of the original National Review, containing the best from the Magazine's first year. Edited, and with an introduction by John Chamberlain, this 335-page hardcover book was published in early 1957, and has been listed as out-of-print since 1958. The few remaining copies were library reserve copies, and are in quite good condition. Although the book is now a collector's item, the remaining copies will be sold, on a first come, first serve basis, for the original $5.00 price. Payment must accompany order. Write to Dept. NRR, National Review, 150 East 35th St., New York 16, New York.

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in September 1919, Dr. Cary Grayson, his personal physician, urged him to resign. "He *implored* him to resign. . . . 'You'll never be the same again, Mr. President; you are unfit to attempt what is demanded of your high office; and if you resign now, you will go down as one of the great heroes of American history, comparable to Lincoln . . . stricken down while fighting for a noble cause.'"

Wilson became furiously angry, and said that he would do no such thing! No member of Congress, or as far as we know, none except nurses, doctors, and Mrs. Wilson was allowed to lay eyes on the President *after* he was carried back to the White House, where he lay paralyzed and semi-speechless for almost two years. Bulletins about his health were evasive; no pictures of him ever appeared in the newspapers. There was no head of the government, nobody to make decisions when, under the Constitution, the President becomes unfit "to discharge the Powers and Duties or the said Office"; in other words, no Executive Department whatever. The second Mrs. Wilson, an ambitious, forceful and domineering woman, had assumed the office of Acting-President. Anything requiring the President's attention or signature was taken to the President's bedroom, where "the door would be opened about two inches by Mrs. Wilson, who would take the papers and say, "This will have the President's immediate attention.'" . . . "Then, after a period of time, one of us would be summoned to the President's bedroom; the door would again be opened about two inches by Mrs. Wilson, who would hand back the papers, with what looked like his signature, and/or give us a verbal or typewritten message. We never knew whether the President had even seen the papers; or who was actually in the driver's seat. So the situation had become intolerable; and I [Senator Moses], as President pro-tempore of the Senate, got Dave Reed, Jim Reed, and about ten others, a bipartisan committee representing the House, the Senate, and the Cabinet, plus competent medical authority; and decided that we could easily get a court order to view the President, and pronounce him unable 'to discharge the Powers and Duties of the said Office.' In that case, Tom Marshall would automatically become President; so we had to find out where he stood."

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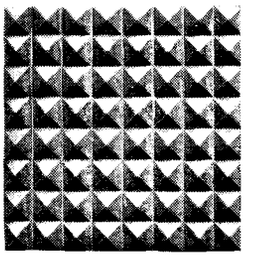

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Edward Baines, History of the Cotton Manufacture in Great Britain, 1835

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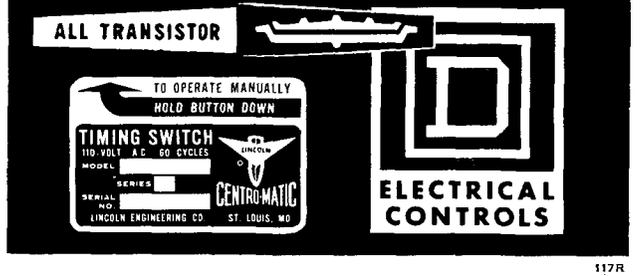

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Manufacturers of Quality Pressure-Sensitive Industrial Tape Products, Self-Bonding Nameplates, Automatic Machines for Dispensing Labels, Nameplates, Masks and Tape. Est. 1914

Marshall, then Vice President, was a tough little Indiana politician who had been governor of Indiana.

"He was sitting in his office when we all trooped in, with a cigar in his mouth and his feet on his desk—and he didn't remove either of them. I spoke my little piece about our committee viewing the President and declaring him unfit for office. Marshall listened until I had stopped talking; and then said, 'What the hell do you fellows think you're trying to do; get me half-way between a mandamus and an injunction?' And so, that was the end of it!"

Wilson remained in complete seclusion until the end of his term, March 4, 1921, when he reappeared in public to ride to Harding's inauguration in frock coat and top hat but with hair covering his ears and hanging down over his collar, his cheeks ashen-grey and pitifully shrunken, a mere dying shell of his former self.

At that time, Germany was prostrate and the Kaiser in exile; Russia was impotent and in the throes of revolution; and the victorious Allies were masters of the world.

No vital decisions had been necessary during the period of Wilson's unfitness for office but how different the world situation is today. We cannot afford to delay a day or an hour, to enact legislation that will forever prevent a repetition of a dying or unfit President from continuing to hold office, merely because of refusal to resign.

Concord, N.H. E. D. TOLAND

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Audit Bureau of Circulations

(Continued from p. 105)

tism and Liberalism, between a soaring view of the American future and a niggling concept of our destiny, between the free prosperity that men make for themselves and the shackled security that their governments may dole out to them. The choice will be between the speakers of truth and the muddiers of public policy who intone that conservatism is nothing but extremism—and extremism subversion more dangerous than the vast Communist conspiracy.

The New Frontier is Lilliput. Conservatism is the City of Freedom.

The choice is clear.

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TRANS-O-GRAM

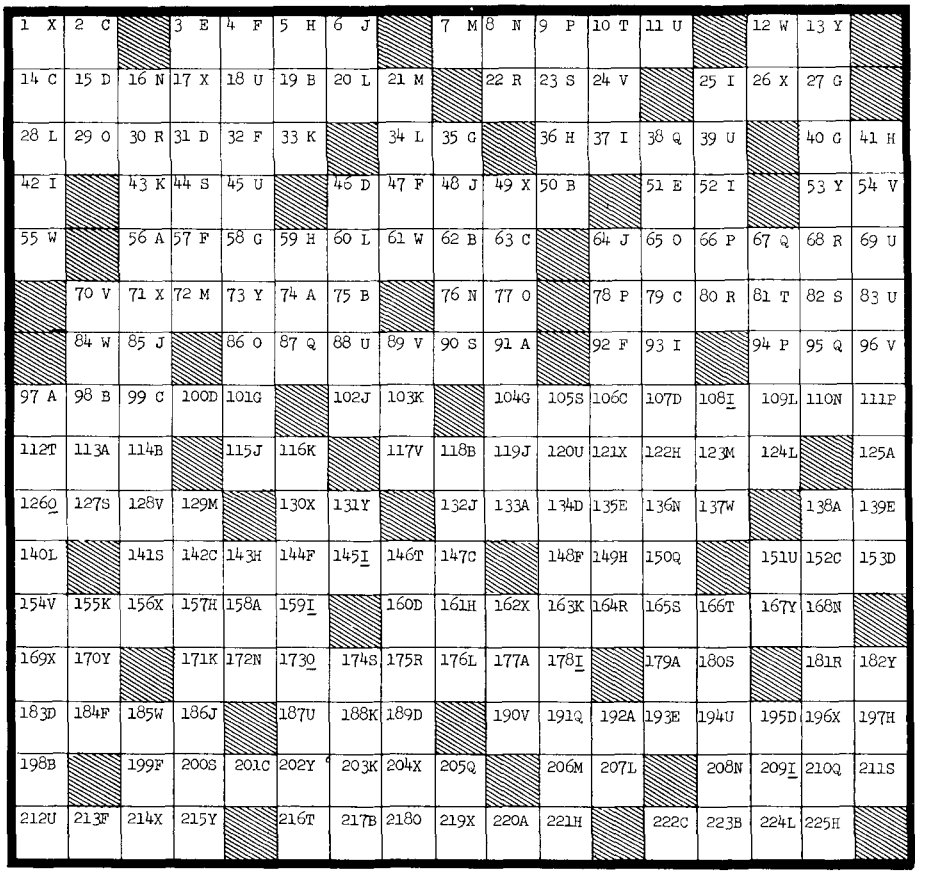
by Svend Petersen

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Pertaining to an interval or interlude	125 56 97 74 158 177 91 133 179 220 113 138 192
B. A major political party	75 114 50 217 19 198 223 118 62 98
C. Description of B	79 222 147 14 106 142 63 2 99 201 152
D. New York Republican	183 160 195 100 134 31 107 15 153 46 189
E. Hawkeye native	193 51 3 135 139
F. A major political party	144 184 57 92 199 47 148 32 4 213
G. An unpleasant likeness	58 35 40 104 101 27
H. Terminology	149 41 122 225 143 221 5 197 36 161 59 157
I. Solid ground	159 178 42 93 25 52 37 108 209 145
J. Safe from damage	186 48 102 6 64 132 115 119 85
K. College yell	203 43 33 103 155 188 116 171 163
L. Authoritatively	34 207 224 60 124 109 176 20 28 140
M. The East	206 129 123 21 7 72
N. A voluptuary	16 168 76 208 172 136 110 8
O. Arch over the eye	29 77 65 218 173 126 86
P. Personal bravery	9 111 94 66 78
Q. A worker	210 38 67 205 191 150 87 95
R. Idling	68 164 80 22 181 30 175
S. A good time to have lunch	90 23 141 82 165 211 174 127 44 180 200 105
T. A compact upright piano	81 216 166 112 10 146
U. A house of correction	151 39 83 18 187 69 120 194 212 88 11 45
V. Short-lived	70 190 54 128 154 117 24 96 89
W. As a whole (French)	55 137 12 185 84 61
X. A walk for one's health	196 121 156 17 130 71 162 49 169 1 204 26 214 219
Y. A South African race	73 131 53 167 13 215 182 170 202

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.

Solution of last week's Trans-o-Gram will be found on page 124 of this issue.



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For The Record

Smart money boys now betting the next session of UN General Assembly, scheduled for Sept. 5, will be postponed until sometime post-Nov. 3. Reason: Lyndon Johnson & aides fear a possible vote to admit Communist China could blow up into biggest issue of campaign. . . . While Sec. Rusk, Pres. Johnson and others publicly came out for continued U.S. support and recognition of Free China, U.S. Assist. Sec. of State Roger Hilsman was telling Australians the U.S. was "flexible" enough to respond to any "responsible behavior" by Peking.

Springing to top of government Best Seller List, is Surgeon General Terry's report on "Smoking and Health." First 10,000 copies off the presses (387 pages, $1.25) were snapped up in five hours. . . . Papers in France and other European countries where tobacco is government monopoly, tended to bury the report (roughly 12 per cent of France's revenue comes from tobacco).

Abdullah Kassim Hanga, one of masterminds of Zanzibar revolution, is, it turns out, an honor graduate of Patrice Lumumba University in Moscow. . . . Neighboring Tanganyika, which survived an army mutiny with the assistance of British troops, last week pointedly canceled an invitation to visit Dar es Salaam (Haven of Peace) it had previously extended to Peking traveling salesman Chou En-lai. . . . Ghana referendum was, as expected, a landslide for Kwame Nkrumah, particularly after Ghanaian Times warned the voters that "we have the machinery to know who will fail to go to the polls, and any ballot that will not go into the correct ballot box." The Evening News added that those who failed to vote and vote right would be "considered enemies of work and happiness."

Newest CORE campaign: to persuade Pres. Johnson not to attend St. Louis bi-centennial on Feb. 14 because, says CORE vice chairman Richard Daly, Negroes in St. Louis "have nothing to celebrate in city's growth." . . . Elsewhere in South, Negro businessmen having second thoughts on integration. They find as more and more cities integrate business activities, they are losing customers to more up-to-date white-owned stores, motels, etc.

"I think the 'Hostages for Peace' idea is a sound one. We'll send them Goldwater, Talmadge, Rockefeller, Byrd, Russell, Buckley. . ."

Punch—Ben Roth Agency

"I think the 'Hostages for Peace' idea is a sound one. We'll send them Malenkov, Molotov, Kaganovitch, Zhukov, Hoxha. . ."

Congressional Record's new indexing system for debates and bills has following cross reference under the heading, Extremism: "see also, conservatives; Communism."

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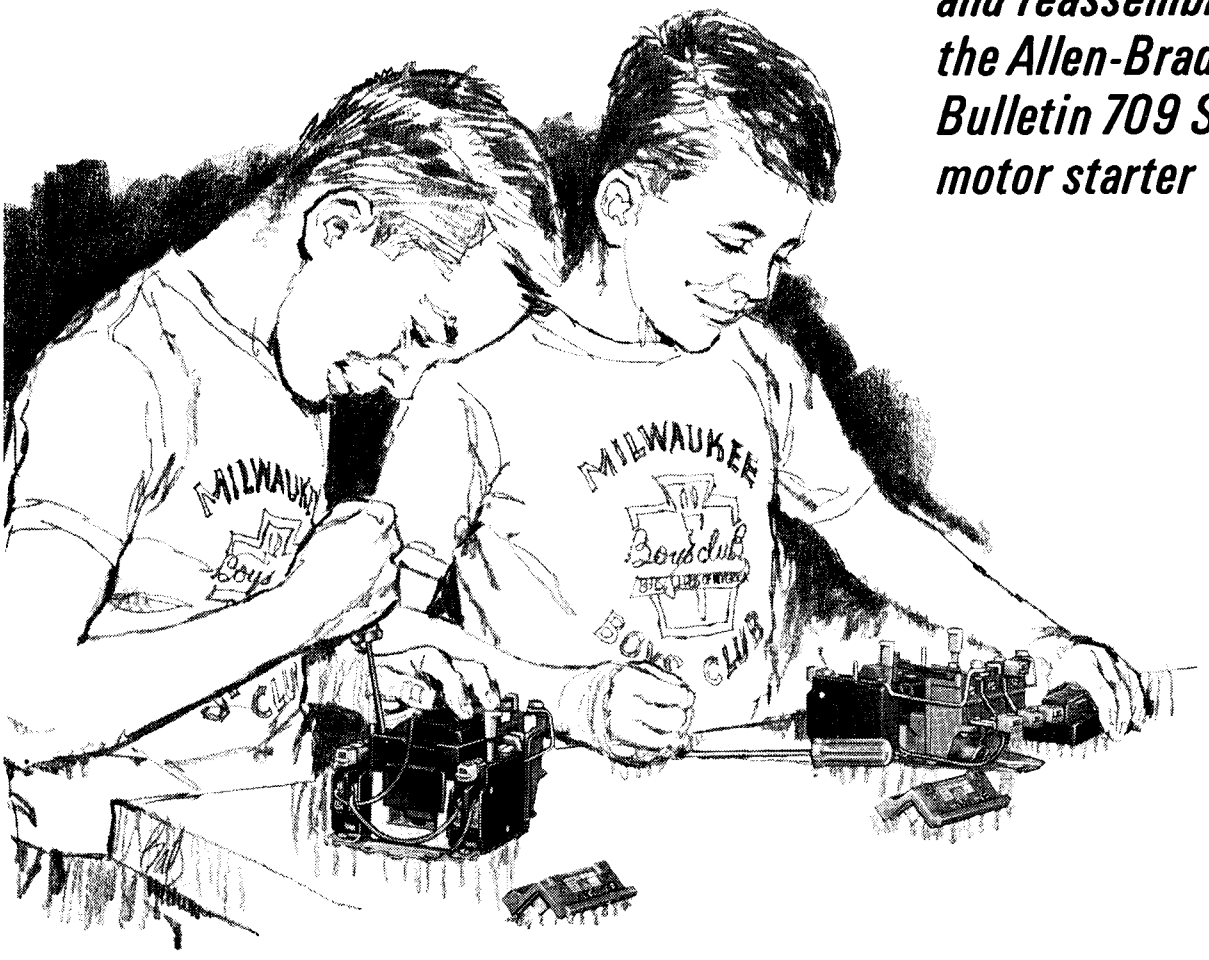
It's child's play... to take apart— and reassemble— the Allen-Bradley Bulletin 709 Series K motor starter



■ Over 30 years of building quality motor control has demonstrated that *reliability* is directly related to *design simplicity*. No motor starter on the market today is nearly so simple as the new Bulletin 709 Series K starter. Its reliability depends on only *six basic elements*.

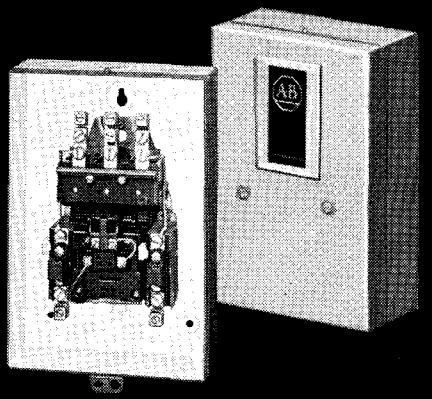
To demonstrate the simplicity of the Allen-Bradley Bulletin 709 Series K motor starters, we had four youngsters from the Milwaukee Boys Club engage in a short contest. The results were truly impressive!

Of course, the Bulletin 709 starter was a complete mystery—as was its use—to each boy, picked at random (one age 10, two age 11, and one age 12). And this was the contest: First, a nonenclosed Bulletin 709 Series K Size 2 starter was taken apart and reassembled while the boys watched. Then each boy was given an identical Size 2 Series K starter, and permitted a few minutes of practice. Thereupon, the contest was on in earnest—and here's the amazing speed achieved by these youngsters in taking apart and reassembling their starters. **Disassembly averaged 59 seconds** (40 sec. minimum—70 sec. maximum), and **reassembly of the starter averaged 91 seconds** (45 sec. minimum—115 sec. maximum)!

This contest does *more* than prove how easy Allen-Bradley's new Bulletin 709 Series K starters are to work with. Such simplicity is *your guarantee* for trouble free operation and continuous production.

Please have your A-B distributor give you an on-the-spot demonstration of all the Series K features. Or write for Publication 6100: Allen-Bradley Co., 1210 South Third Street, Milwaukee, Wis. 53204. In Canada: Allen-Bradley Canada Ltd., Galt, Ont.

BULLETIN 709 Series K Size 2 motor starters with cover on and cover off. Rated 15 hp, 220 v; 25 hp, 440-550 v.



Famous industrial designer, Brooks Stevens, has given a modern, "family-like" appearance to all Series K general and special purpose enclosures that add a selling asset to the appearance of your machines and any industrial installation.

A-B QUALITY

ALLEN-BRADLEY

Member of NEMA

QUALITY MOTOR CONTROL

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Enduringly beautiful coffee shop floor is Kentile® Architectural Marbles Vinyl Asbestos Tile. Colors: Rheims and York. Note blending of light and dark shadings within each color. Wall Base: White KenCove® Vinyl.

KENTILE
VINYL FLOORS

Heavy traffic was made for this vinyl floor! Architectural Marbles is another Kentile exclusive style in vinyl asbestos tile. Design flows through the entire thickness of every tile, so beauty lasts and lasts. 8 colors, all greaseproof . . . comfortable underfoot . . . easy to maintain . . . and economically priced. Kentile Dealer? See the Yellow Pages under "Floors," or consult your architect, decorator, or interior designer.

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